Knox College - Univ. of Toronto
3 1761 07632330 2

BS
1416
M86
1922

69100

CAVEN LIBRARY
KNOX COLLEGE
TORONTO

CAVEN LIBRARY
KNOX COLLEGE
TORONTO

THE BOOK OF JOB

THE BOOK OF JOB

A Metrical Version

By A. H. MUMFORD, B.D.

Principal of the Moravian College, Fairfield, and Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Manchester, 1921-22.

With an Introductory Essay

"THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BOOK OF JOB"

By A. S. PEAKE, D.D.

Rylands Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Manchester, and Tutor in Hartley College, Manchester.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, LIMITED

LONDON. NEW YORK. TORONTO.

CAVEN LIBRARY
KNOX COLLEGE
TORONTO

BS
1416
M86
1922

69100

PRINTED AT
THE WESTMINSTER PRESS
411A HARROW ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BOOK OF JOB

By PROFESSOR A. S. PEAKE.

ALTHOUGH by common consent the Book of Job is one of the world's finest masterpieces, it is, like others of its rank, more famed than studied. Its reputation rests on a general agreement such as exists about many things which are accepted without investigation. No one thinks of challenging it, but probably only few read the poem, and but a small proportion of these understand its significance or realise wherein its greatness resides. Partly, no doubt, this neglect is due to the widespread neglect of the Bible which is so ominous a feature of our time. But there are many other causes. The book is accessible to most readers only in an English translation, and the Authorised Version is often misleading and sometimes barely intelligible. The Revised Version conveys the meaning with far more clearness and accuracy ; but the text on which it is based is often unsound, and even when this is not the case the sense is sometimes misrepresented.

The book has also suffered from interpolation, notably of the speeches of Elihu, and from dislocation,

and probably excision as well, in the third cycle of the debate. The effect has been to produce confusion as to Job's attitude and misconception as to the poet's intention. But even when the Hebrew text has been emended and the rendering corrected, when alien elements have been relegated to an appendix, and speeches have been restored to the original speakers, the difficulties of a right appreciation are still formidable. There are problems of detailed interpretation on which a good commentary will generally throw light; but there are also larger questions as to the background of the poem and the aim of the poet. The student must be placed at the right point of view if he is to understand the book and appreciate its supreme qualities.

The date of the poem is uncertain, its author is unknown. But several indications point to a date about 400 B.C., and the author reveals not a little of himself in his work. He wrote when the old conviction that a man's fortune was matched with his deserts had been shattered; the problem created by the sufferings of the righteous and the prosperity of the wicked had been long discussed; monotheism is no longer in debate, even the speakers, who are not Israelites, take it for granted. The fineness and inwardness of its ethical teaching similarly points to a late period, and this is

true also of its diction. We must not be misled by appearances and infer that the book belongs to the earliest Hebrew literature. The characters are represented as living in the patriarchal age and they do not belong to the Hebrew race ; the description, alike in what it says and in what it omits, is in harmony with this situation.

The author was a Jew, with a wider and more sympathetic outlook than that of the legalistic founders of Judaism. Life in the cities was uncongenial to him. He found the desert more welcome with its loneliness and its liberty, its silent spaces and its exhilarating air. He was a keen observer of Nature and had often pondered her mysteries—the structure of the universe, the might which tamed the raging of the mutinous and impious sea, the alternation of light and darkness, the weight of water that floated in the clouds with their filmy covering, the torrential rain which streamed down from the heavenly ocean through the sluices in its bed, the springs in the bed of the sea which fed it from the nether deep, Sheol, the dark and dreary underworld where the shades of the dead were herded together deep below land and sea ; the solid dome of the sky where the sun shone with a divine brightness and the moon walked in stately majesty and the constella-

tions moved in their appointed track. There light and darkness had their secret dwelling, there were the heavenly arsenals, stored with snow and hail, God's ammunition in the day of battle. The poet had observed with close attention the birds and animals which are described in the speech out of the whirlwind with such inimitable skill. He seems to have experienced the fascination and peril of travel ; it is not unlikely that he had visited Egypt, and he knew how fatal to the caravan might be the failure of the expected brook in the desert. The superb quality of his genius as a poet is obscured for the English reader by the necessity of reading it in translation or at best in an alien speech. But these disguises do not conceal the felicity of his metaphors, the brilliance of his description ; they do not blunt the edge of his irony or cause his pathos to touch us less profoundly.

But it is the choice and the handling of his theme which most fully disclose the man. With insight sharpened and sympathy widened, it may be, by some calamity which had overtaken him, he looked at the world with new eyes. He pitied the outcast and the oppressed ; he felt a passionate indignation at cruelty, injustice and arrogance. The insolent triumph of the tyrant, the hopeless anguish of the wronged, imperilled

his faith not in the sovereignty but in the justice of God. From this he had escaped, not by finding an answer to his problem, but by a mystical experience which had raised him above it, which left him content to recognise that God's ways were an unfathomable mystery because he was so sure of God Himself.

The general structure of the book as it has come down to us is simple. It opens with a Prologue describing the hero and telling the story of his downfall from health and prosperity to penury and intolerable disease, and of the visit of his three friends to console him. Job's vehement imprecations on the day of his birth and the passionate expression of his longing for death lead to a debate with the friends which runs its course through three cycles. Then Elihu, a young man not mentioned up to this point, intervenes to put both parties right. God answers Job out of the whirlwind with a multitude of questions, designed to bring home to him how imperfect was his equipment for criticising the government of the universe ; and Job admits that he has spoken without knowledge. The book closes with an Epilogue in which Yahweh rebukes the friends because they have not spoken rightly of Him as Job had done. They atone for their transgression by sacrifice

and are pardoned at Job's intercession. Job is then healed and restored to prosperity.

While this is the general scheme of the book, closer inspection strongly suggests that the work, as it left the poet's hands, has been defaced and distorted by interpolation, dislocation and probably by omission. In spite of the dissent of some eminent scholars, it may here be taken for granted that the speech of Elihu formed no part of the original book, but was in fact a criticism of it, written because its author was so dissatisfied with the poem as it stood. It is also generally believed that the poem on Wisdom (Job xxviii) is a later insertion. More serious, however, is the dislocation which seems to have taken place in the third cycle of the debate. In particular it is almost impossible to believe that Job should have stultified all he had said before by suddenly adopting in xxvii. 13-23 the position of the friends, against which he had again and again protested. It is also improbable that in the original work no speech was given to Zophar at this point. The present writer has reconstructed xxv-xxvii as follows. Bildad's third speech consisted of xxv. 2, 3 and xxvi. 5-14. Job's reply to this is partially contained in xxvi. 2-4, xxvii. 2-6, 11, 12. But probably between the last two verses there once stood an indictment of

the Divine Government so bold that it was struck out as too blasphemous. Part of Zophar's reply to this is to be found in xxvii. 13-23.

It is also not improbable that the Prologue and the Epilogue were taken by the author from an older story, with possibly some adaptation to fit them for their new position. It is difficult to believe that the judgment uttered by Yahweh in the Epilogue (xlii. 7, 8) on the speeches of the friends and of Job was written by the poet. For in the poem itself Yahweh's judgment on Job's utterances was much more severe. It is not unlikely that in the earlier book the speeches of the friends resembled the remonstrance of Job's wife, while his own speeches expressed the submissiveness to the Divine will which we find in i. 21 and ii. 10. But the poet may well have allowed the language of the Epilogue to stand, because a sense in which he could accept it might be imposed on the words. In any case the important matter is that, whether the Prologue and Epilogue were earlier or not, they were an integral part of the work as the author published it. In particular the happy ending is both an artistic and an ethical necessity. Several scholars have regarded the speech of Yahweh as a later interpolation, but on quite inadequate grounds. As Dr. Gray has truly said : " The speeches of Elihu may be

removed without causing a tremor to the structure of the book; but without some speech of Yahweh the structure falls to pieces." The original speech has probably been expanded by the sections on behemoth and leviathan.

The book opens with the emphatic assertion that Job was blameless and upright, a man who feared God and turned away from evil. This verdict is that of Yahweh Himself and is acknowledged by the Satan to be just. We may therefore dismiss the attempts which have been made to prove that Job was from the first the unconscious victim of spiritual pride and that Yahweh Himself had planned his sufferings to force the hidden fault into the open and bring him to repentance. The plain meaning of the text is the right one, that Yahweh permitted the suffering of Job simply to vindicate His servant from an unjust suspicion. This is quite clear from the narrative of the heavenly council.

The author thought of the government of the world as carried on by "the sons of God." The term means those who participate in the Elohim nature, the angels or heavenly beings, or as we might paraphrase the term, "the Immortals." Yahweh is "The President of the Immortals" and His subordinates make their report

to Him in the assembly of the Elohim. Of these immortals the Satan is one. Other angels have presumably their local or national spheres, but the Satan's function is world-wide. He is not to be identified, it need hardly be said, with the devil. He is one of the zealous servants of God to whom the function has been allotted of detecting the hidden sin which lurks beneath the show of virtue. He is so identified with his function that he approaches men with alert suspicion and has so often found that suspicion justified that he has grown sceptical of the real existence of virtue. But so far Job has baffled him. He has not been able to detect any fault in him and is forced to admit that Yahweh's verdict is right. But when, to refute his cynicism, Yahweh challenges him with the case of Job, the Satan has his answer ready. Certainly Job is virtuous, but his virtue is not disinterested. His unexampled prosperity is the adequate explanation of his integrity. But let him be plunged into poverty and his virtue will vanish, he will curse God to His face. So Yahweh permits him to be stripped by a swift succession of calamities of his fortune and his children in a single day. The stricken patriarch piously recognises that all he has is the gift of God, and if Yahweh has anticipated death in withdrawing His own gifts from him, His right to do so cannot be

challenged ; blessed be His holy name. Unabashed by his failure, the Satan confronts Yahweh and tells Him that the knife of adversity has not cut its victim to the quick. If he feels it in his own body he will assuredly break down under the test. So Yahweh surrenders Job's body for this crucial experiment, stipulating only that his life shall be spared. But when the bereaved and impoverished sufferer is further smitten with excruciating disease, he rejects as impious his wife's counsel that he should curse God and die. " Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil ? " Thus the Satan's scepticism is refuted and the reality of a disinterested piety is established.

Three of his friends, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, hear of Job's calamity and come to console him. They are so overwhelmed at the sight of him, sitting as an outcast on the ash-heap and racked with torture, that after the first demonstrations of sorrow they can only sit in silent sympathy for seven days. But these long months of suffering have left their mark deep on the thought and feelings of Job. For the orthodox theology of his day included among its dogmas the correspondence between a man's conduct and his lot. In his prosperity Job had no occasion to doubt it. But now his own experience contradicts it, for he is sure that he has

been guilty of no wrong-doing which could justify the infliction of such losses, bereavement and agony. And since he knew nothing of second causes he could attribute his afflictions only to God. Hence the problem Why do the righteous suffer ? is raised for him, not in the first instance as a speculative problem or with reference to the general lot of man, but as a problem primarily affecting himself. Clearly, if a man's fortunes ought to correspond with his character and conduct, Job's case exhibits a flagrant violation of the moral law. And since God is directly responsible for this undeserved suffering the question of His righteousness is also bound to be raised. It ought, however, to be clearly recognised that the primary interest of the book is not concentrated on the problem of suffering ; though that problem is raised and discussed and the book contributes suggestions towards its solution. The real interest of the book lies in the reaction of Job's sufferings on his personal attitude towards God. The psychological drama which is enacted in Job's soul is one of intense interest, and it can be rightly appreciated only if the movement of Job's thought and feeling is followed as it is reflected in successive speeches. It should be traced as it evolves from point to point, with all its strange oscillations of feeling and yet its real

advance. The student must be specially on his guard against the assumption that in the discussion Job moves throughout on a dead level. The fascination of the book lies largely in the remarkable delineation of Job's changes of mood, as he is drawn by the contending forces within him now this way and now that.

It is not then quite the same Job who receives the friends, as the Job who had rebuked his wife for impiety and loyally accepted the calamity sent by heaven. Through the slow hours of these many days and the more tedious hours of the night he had brooded not only on his sufferings but on God's attitude towards him and the stigma of exceptional wickedness which a judgment so exemplary seemed to have fastened upon him. Yet were all the long years of blessedness to count for nothing on the other side? Through them all he had lived in the experience of God's conspicuous favour and approval, so secure in his enjoyment of fellowship with God that the possibility that it might be interrupted had never entered into his thoughts. There was thus a conflict between his experience of God in the past and his present experience of Him. And he does not at this point surrender to the dark doubts of God's righteousness and His kindly regard for him. Yet he feels his foot slipping, he fears that doubt may pass into unbelief.

He welcomes the coming of his friends, for they have long known him and will not be misled by his misfortunes and regard those misfortunes as deserved. So in the presence of these trusted comrades he can unburden his soul of the dangerous emotions and dark thoughts, which till now have been pent within his own breast. His words will perhaps be wild and exaggerated, but his friends will not misunderstand him ; they will know that allowance must be made for the utterances of a desperate man. So without restraint he vehemently curses the day of his birth and paints in alluring colours the untroubled peace of the dead, to which he looks forward with a great longing.

Alas, he was destined to be rudely disappointed in his friends. He had anticipated that they would help him to regain his footing and re-establish his tottering faith in God. But they accepted, without any misgiving, the current dogma of retribution and could not avoid the inference that suffering so heavy as Job's must point to his guilt. And it was blasphemy in their eyes to question that the Omnipotent was righteous. Since Job's certainty of righteousness was incommunicable, they were forced to judge by the facts ; and these pointed irresistibly to the conclusion that Job was a sinner and must have gravely transgressed to receive

so exemplary a punishment. Nevertheless they seem to assume at the outset that the real tendency of his life was toward God and righteousness, though it had been marked by grave secret failings. Moreover they have been profoundly shocked by his rebellious and almost impious complaint. When all this is remembered, the character of the reply made by Eliphaz should excite no surprise. It takes the form of a grave remonstrance in a well-meant and often beautiful speech, as considerate to Job as the speaker's fixed assumptions permitted him to make it. He recognises at the outset the real piety of Job, and is surprised that one who in the past has been so helpful to others should break down at the touch of trouble. For, in the case of the upright, suffering is not pushed to extremities ; it is the wicked who perish by an untimely death. In a passage, which is one of the finest and most effective in literature, he recounts a dread experience. As he was meditating in the dead of night terror suddenly seizes him, a panic which makes his whole frame quiver. He feels the cold wind on his face which announces the visitant from the spirit world. The nameless thing is before him ; vague and intangible, he can just, with the utmost straining of his eyes, discern that it is there ; but he can make out no definite outline. He is conscious

of an absolute silence and then of a voice so low that it only just breaks the stillness. The voice declares that man cannot be just before God or pure before his Maker. If the immortals are not worthy of His trust and He charges His angels with folly, how much more will He regard frail mortals in their tenements of clay as impure! It is futile for Job to appeal to the angels who cannot help him. Nay, the impatience which led him to do this would bring about his death. Let him rather commit himself to God, the mighty and the wise, who exalts the lowly but frustrates the schemes of the crafty. The speech moves to its close in a fine and soothing peroration, painting in glowing colours the blessedness of the man who accepts in the right spirit chastisement at the hands of God. If He wounds it is but to heal him. And then immune by His protection from famine and sword, from the lash of slander, from dearth and wild beasts, he shall live in prosperity and with many children, and die in a ripe old age.

This speech of Eliphaz is important for the structure of the poem, not so much as indicating the line which the friends would take, as for its effect on Job. In some ways the speech is admirable. Its tone is generally conciliatory and even tender. There is generous recognition of Job's helpfulness to others and of his essential

goodness. The sufferer is comforted with the hope of restoration to health and prosperity, of a long life and numerous posterity. But the words which were meant to soothe and heal only inflame his wound. There is a coldness in the surprise expressed at his outburst as if his sufferings did not amply warrant it, a lack of imaginative sympathy, a condescension of tone. Job missed the cordial of kindness, which would have animated his fainting spirit with new strength and courage and helped him to retain his faith in God. And underlying all is the exasperating assumption that his unexampled sufferings must be sent to him not simply as discipline for character but as chastisement for sin.

It is not necessary to follow the speeches of the friends in detail. But the general course of the debate must be briefly explained. In the first cycle the main theme of the friends is God. Eliphaz, as already explained, insists on His incomparable purity, Bildad on His unswerving righteousness, Zophar on His impenetrable wisdom. The speeches of the second cycle dwell on the miserable fate of the wicked. In the third round of the debate Eliphaz, without any disguise, accuses Job of sins of oppression, heartlessness and rapacity, but closes this bitterly unjust indictment

with promises of blessedness on condition of his repentance. So far as we can reconstruct the speeches of Bildad and Zophar, they do not, as in the first two cycles, develop the same theme as Eliphaz had done, but return to the themes of the two previous cycles—Bildad expounding the greatness of God and Zophar the fate of the ungodly.

The friends vary their theme, but their views do not change. Their judgment on Job becomes more severe as the debate advances, but the standards they apply are unalterable. This rigid immobility is in striking contrast to the oscillation in the sufferer's moods. The arguments of the friends have little effect on him; indeed it is not till each of the speakers has stated the case that he refutes it. He is not concerned with them but with God; and the supreme interest of the poem lies in its delineation of his changing attitudes to God. The first speech of Eliphaz had forced into expression the criticism of God which had in the sufferer's first complaint been studiously repressed. It is the Almighty who has shot poisoned arrows at him and assailed him with His terrors. He bitterly complains of the unceasing vigilance with which God spies upon him—God whose malevolent watchfulness is matched by His lack of magnanimity, and who will remember His loyal

servant in love when it is too late, when, by death at His hands, he has for ever passed beyond His reach. It is by this unrestrained outburst against God that we measure the effect of the rebuke of Eliphaz upon him. Well might he complain that his friends have failed him ! Kindness and sympathetic understanding ought to have been shown to him ; then he might have been restored to the ancient piety from which he has felt himself to be slipping away. The friends cannot disentangle the power and the morality of God. Just because He is omnipotent He must be righteous, for He determines what righteousness is. Job allows that the Almighty can put him in the wrong ; but his experience has taught him that might and morality are not inseparable. God is no doubt all-powerful, but His treatment of Job is utterly unjust. And while his earlier life of unclouded bliss and unbroken fellowship with God spoke loudly of God's loving care, a new and sinister light is cast by the present upon the past. That earlier happiness had been deliberately planned by Divine malevolence to make his pain the more agonising by contrast, as from the pinnacle of happiness he was flung down to an abyss of misery. But from his most violent reproaches, his least balanced judgments he returns to the attitude of

his happier days. The God who was once his friend, the God who is now his foe, dominate his thought in turn. The extremity of his pain, the cruel injustice of his friends, or the sophistries they utter in defence of God, servile sycophants as they are, drive him by recoil to a more vehement indictment of God. Yet the memory of the blessed past with its confident communion, his human weakness, his utter isolation, above all his craving for vindication from intolerable misjudgment, drive him back again to God. The sense of God's malignant injustice which has urged him to a boldness of utterance scarce to be distinguished from blasphemy, yields to tender memories of the past or an escape into the future on the wings of a soaring faith.

But how can these contradictory conceptions of God be reconciled ? Job does not during the debate reach the conviction that either of them is untrue, except when resentment reaches its furthest point and he cynically asserts God's earlier bounty and care, yes, and the intimacies of fellowship, to have all been part of His sinister design. The solution he reaches is that God's present attitude towards him is but the expression of a passing mood. The God whose lamp had shone upon his head and by whose light he walked through darkness, who had shielded him from evil with a hedge

on every side, was no fiction of a fond imagination, beguiling His victim into a confidence He was all along plotting to betray. It was the real God, God as He is in the deepest ground of His being. But now He is the victim of an inexplicable mood which has for a time turned friendship into hostility. But the mood will vanish and God will once more become His earlier, better self. Then the memory of His loyal servant will come to Him and He will long to renew the blissful communion. But what is a fleeting aberration in the life of the Eternal may cover long years in the life of mortals. So He will awake from His resentment to find that He has pushed it too far, and the Job with whom He would fain renew the happy fellowship has passed to that underworld from which there is no recall and where fellowship with God is no longer possible. Job even urges God to permit His foreknowledge to modify and restrain His present antipathy. He desires God even now to deposit a pledge for His victim with Himself, even now to pledge Himself to vindicate Job by-and-bye.

But if Job anticipates that death will overtake him before God relents and that Sheol will withdraw him from the possibility of fellowship, what escape is it possible for his faith to discover? Might it be escape

from Sheol itself, from the gloomy land of darkness to the air and sunshine of this upper world ? More than once Job considers this possibility. " If a man die, might he live again ? " How gladly, were that possible, would he endure the tedium of waiting till God summoned his shade from the underworld and his body from the tomb, that reunited they might take up the old life at the point where death had broken it off. But for all its fascination he sets this solution steadily aside. Passionately though he longs for such a release he resigns himself to the conviction that Sheol is the land from which there is no return.

But if suffering continues without relief till death, and if death itself cannot be revoked, what may he still hope for, since healing and resurrection are alike out of his reach ? It would seem as if no boon were left to which he could look forward. Yet this is not so ; for there is one thing which Job prizes above life or health or freedom from pain. He has been wounded most deeply in his honour. For losses so ruinous, bereavement so complete, disease so repulsive, pain so unendurable, have spoken all too plainly the verdict of heaven upon him. And from this verdict there is no appeal. His friends have accepted it, still less can he expect others to reject it. If his solemn declaration of

his innocence might be preserved for posterity, then later ages might award him the justice which his contemporaries have withheld. But in a prospect so distant and so uncertain he can find no consolation. Who then can remove from him the intolerable stigma which God has fastened upon him ? If God would only meet him, would consent to listen to him, there might be some hope of a reparation. He longs indeed that there might be an arbitrator, accepted by both parties, who would do even-handed justice between them. But such an umpire cannot be found. He desires God to hear him under conditions that will give him fair play. If only He would for the occasion relieve him from his torture and not appal him with His terrors, then master of himself he would with confidence lay his case before God. If only he could have a copy of the indictment his adversary had written against him, then proud in conscious rectitude he would enter God's presence, wearing it as a crown on his brow, its shame transfigured by the assurance of his innocence. But God is deaf to his challenge and still plies him with torments.

Torments Job can bear and death would not be unwelcome. But dearer than life he holds his reputation. Yet neither the present nor the future hold out for him any prospect of vindication. Yet vindicated he must

be ! His whole being recoils from the thought that the stigma he bears is to be indelible. Yet it is God who has branded it upon him ; and who will dare to champion him against the Almighty ? Yet if he must be vindicated —and his moral sense demands this act of justice—and no creature will venture on the perilous task, there is no one left to be his champion against the Almighty except the Almighty Himself ! And in this amazing paradox the faith of Job attains its sublime climax. Passionately appealing to earth not to cover his blood, so that its cry may not be stifled but reach the ears of its avenger, he suddenly rises to the conviction that God Himself will obtain his redress :

Even now, behold, my witness is in heaven,
And he that voucheth for me is on high.
My friends scorn me :
But mine eye poureth out tears unto God ;
That he would maintain the right of a man with God,
And of a son of man with his neighbour !
For when a few years are come,
I shall go the way whence I shall not return.

In his next speech Job repeats the assurance, but with the addition that he will himself be allowed to know that his reputation is cleared from all stain. The passage

is the most famous in the book. It is unfortunately so corrupt that a detailed interpretation of it must remain uncertain. But the general sense is probably this. Job knows that though he dies his Vindicator lives. And after his death He will intervene on his behalf. Standing upon his grave He will proclaim to all the world Job's righteousness, and Job himself will be permitted to know that his honour has been established ; for he will see God for himself, no longer estranged and hostile but as of old his friend. So powerful is the joy which overwhelms him at the thought that he almost swoons with emotion.

Yet it is perplexing that, after his faith has achieved this signal triumph, Job repeats the criticisms of God's government which he has previously uttered. He had apparently discovered, in his days of prosperity, no challenge in human suffering to the righteousness of God. Like the friends he would have explained it on conventional lines. But now that he knows from his own experience that the innocent may be overwhelmed with calamity, his eyes are opened to the world's misery ; and he sees in it no longer just judgment on sin or discipline of character, but proof that the government of the world is not guided by principles of righteousness. The extreme character of his assertions is to

be explained to some extent by the equally extreme affirmations on the other side. Still Job's own definite position is that the rule of God is immoral or at least non-moral.

When the debate is ended, God speaks out of the whirlwind and His utterance is far from what we should have anticipated. For we should have expected that He would explain the reason for Job's suffering and thus reconcile it with His own righteousness. But no hint is given to him of the scene in heaven, nor of the denial that the piety of Job was disinterested. Nor is any solution offered of the problem of suffering in general. On the contrary, Job is pressed with question after question, bringing home to him his ignorance of the secrets of the universe and of animate Nature. Job had already allowed that God might ply him with questions of which he might not be able to answer one in a thousand. It might seem then as if God was forcing an open door. Yet there is a real value for Job in this method, even though he seemed to have discounted its significance beforehand. He was a critic of the Divine government ; but how meagre was his knowledge of the universe, and on how slender a basis his criticism rested ! Only he who can take in the whole, alike in its unity, its complexity and the adjustment of its parts, is

in a position to say whether it is governed well or ill. Job had been too much preoccupied with himself and his sufferings, and he had interpreted God too much through his own unhappy experience. Now God takes him out into the wider world and forces him to realise, no longer in general and abstract terms but in detail and in concrete reality, what the rule of the universe involves. If Job had broadened his outlook at all, it was simply to include his own race. But he must be taught that man is not the sole claimant on the Divine care. Beast and bird are the creatures of His hand, who live their own independent life afar from man, and are the objects of His fostering care. Yes, and even inanimate Nature is not beyond the range of His providence. He cleaves a channel through the vault of the sky that the tropical rain may pour down from the heavenly ocean upon the earth. And that not only where it will be of service to man, but in the uninhabited regions of the earth.

Who hath cleft a channel for the waterflood,
Or a way for the lightning of the thunder ;
To cause it to rain on a land where no man is ;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man ;
To satisfy the waste and desolate *ground* ;
And to cause the thirsty land to bring forth tender grass ?

Even the thirst of the desert " where no man is " is not left unslaked. So this marvellous picture of the secrets of Nature is not merely designed to overwhelm Job and bludgeon him into submission. It is not merely " Divine irony," still less is it " fiendish mockery." It serves a worthy purpose in that it enlarges his horizon and brings home to him the complexity of the conditions and the number of interests which must be taken into account. If it is a demand for surrender, it is a reasoned demand. And although the thought of Divine benevolence and providential care is not explicitly prominent it is constantly implied.

Yet it is not the Divine argument, explicit or implicit, which makes the deepest impression on Job. His closing words contain the supreme message of the book. The text is not improbably corrupt, but the general sense is sufficiently clear.

> I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear ;
> But now mine eye seeth thee,
> Wherefore I loathe *my words*,
> And repent in dust and ashes.

In His speech out of the whirlwind God has asked questions and not answered them. Job has received no explanation of his sufferings ; he has not even been told

that they were undeserved. The challenge addressed to God by Job has been ignored ; no word has been spoken to vindicate the sufferer. God has not removed His afflicting hand from him ; and instead of restraining His terrors in harmony with Job's wish, He has spoken to him out of the tempest. Yet Job is not paralysed by terror, nor does he chafe at God's failure to explain His treatment of him. Nor does he complain of God's silence on the point which touched him most closely, his reputation. God had gone far to meet his criticism of the Divine government of the world. But He had said nothing on Job's personal problem, which had racked him more than the spectacle of the world's misgovernment. It was fitting that the personal problem should be solved in another way. For the larger issues could be appropriately settled by argument. Job's indictment of God's morality in His rule of the world could be properly parried by a demonstration of Job's incompetence to form an opinion. But the relations between God and Job belonged to another category and had to be handled in another way. Just because they were personal relations, they must be settled, not in the collision of debate but in the contact of personalities. It is of course true that the explanation for which Job asked might have been given. The real origin of his sufferings

might have been disclosed and Job might, or indeed he might not, have been satisfied with God's action. But then the value of the solution would have been limited to the single case, whereas what was required was a solution of universal range. And in particular it should be a solution which should leave Job content, although the explanation had been withheld. For the trial of human faith is not to believe in the goodness and righteousness of God when we understand the reason for His action. It is to believe in them when they seem to be contradicted by His action ; and to maintain our belief though no explanation be forthcoming. This is the solution which Job receives. All his earlier knowledge of God had been, as he describes it, " by the hearing of the ear." Compared with what he has now received he can only regard it as knowledge at second hand, knowledge received by report. What he has now experienced is direct vision of God, and in this mystical experience he has found peace. Not that he gains through it intellectual light on the problems which have baffled him, but that now he has come to know God with a fulness and freshness of knowledge far beyond what he had attained before. And this knowledge brings him contentment and rest. He knows with an inward certainty, which makes all further doubt impossible, that

God is perfect alike in righteousness and in goodness. His former doubts and tormenting problems have vanished from his view, not because he has met and vanquished them, but because he has risen above them into a region where they have become irrelevant.

This is the greatest thing which the poet has to give us. He can offer us no satisfactory solution of the problem of evil and pain, though he has contributed helpful suggestions. But what he has taught us is that we may rise above the battle and dwell in the realm of unclouded and untroubled peace. For we too have no complete intellectual solution, though we have palliations of the problem. And our way of escape is his way—through that mystical experience of God, in which unsolved perplexities drop from our view because we are sure of God Himself.

In this supreme moment of lucid insight what anticipation of his future came to Job ? Perhaps it did not engage his attention at all. He was divided between the wonder of his new knowledge of God and his shame and distress that he had so misjudged Him. But if his thought moved forward to his own future, there is no need to suppose that he would expect any alteration in his state. He is certain that in His inscrutable wisdom and perfect righteousness God has sent these afflictions

upon him for reasons which, if he could understand them, he would himself wholly approve. And the reasons which justified the infliction of his sufferings might equally justify their continuance. Therefore if he is destined still to endure his torments till release comes with the inevitable end, that is as it should be, since it is the decree of God in whose will is his peace.

Yet it would be a grave mistake to argue that the book ought to have ended at this point and that the Epilogue should not have been added. Happy endings are sometimes an artistic blunder; but here the failure to provide one would have betrayed a lack of artistic sensibility of the worst kind. It is a complete misunderstanding to think that in the Epilogue the author falls back into the conventional orthodoxy from which his whole poem is in revolt. Had such a criticism been suggested to him he would have replied that no one, surely, could believe him to be so lacking in intelligence or consistency. The suffering which had overtaken Job had been inflicted upon him by the Satan with God's reluctant permission. He had consented, since the Satan's cynicism could be refuted in no other way. It had continued even after the disinterested virtue of Job had been triumphantly vindicated. For now the new problem had emerged of the reaction of his trial

on his attitude towards God. And this too had reached its issue. What then but an inhuman callousness could have left him still writhing in torture, for which there was no longer any purpose? Job is content to suffer, but it is not he who is now upon his trial. All along the reader has been conscious that God's action in the first instance itself stood in need of justification. Was it right for Him to submit to the Satan's promptings and to combat his cynicism at such ruinous cost to Job? Nor could this resentment have been appeased otherwise than by Job's complete restoration when all reason for his torments had passed away. And so the book comes to a close, leaving us perhaps not wholly reconciled to the evil which Job has received at the hands of God, yet as fully reconciled as the conditions permit. For the poem was written before the religion of Israel had been enriched with a higher doctrine of the future life; and it is not for those who take comfort in the thought "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," or that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," to criticise the poet for awarding to his sorely tried hero such compensations as it was in his power to bestow.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THIS work was commenced in the autumn of 1914 and completed in the summer of 1922. The version was not produced consecutively: the first chapter attempted was the nineteenth, then followed the third, then God's Answer—the authentic poem was finished in 1918. The Wisdom, Elihu and Leviathan sections, with the Prologue and Epilogue, were added later.

" God's Challenge " was printed in the *Holborn Review* for July 1921.

For criticism and reconstruction I am especially indebted to Professor Peake's " Job " in the Century Bible series, a work in which scholarship is combined with human interest. Later I had the assistance of the volume on Job by Dr. Driver and Dr. Gray in the International Critical Commentary and Dr. MacFadyen's version in " The Wisdom Books," and the latter author may note the appropriation of at least two felicitous adjectives. But for the most part this metrical version is independent of any literary aid save the Authorised Version, to which the debt is unspeakable. It bestows on this version several whole lines (vide " God's Challenge ") of indisputable and indestructible beauty.

The poem has profited much from the unsparing criticism of an old pupil, the Reverend James Connor, B.D.

In one case (Chap. xix) I have forgone the correct for the conventional rendering; undoubtedly it is more accurate to say Vindicator (or to preserve the rhythm, Defender or Champion) than Redeemer, but an apology is hardly needed for this act of natural piety.

In several instances consideration has been shown to western and modern taste, at the expense of picturesque realism. The third chapter has been interpreted in the terms of the original, which are as realistic and as reverent as the Te Deum.

With the desire of presenting the poem *as* a poem, and not as a critical disquisition, I have kept the text entirely free of notes. There is an Index (Appendix I) which will enable the reader to trace any particular verse of the original; and for the reasons underlying any divergence from the received text he is referred to Job in the Century Bible.

There are a few, a very few, expansions which will not, it is hoped, be regarded as excrescences; these are indicated in the Second Appendix.

The Third Appendix contains a brief "Job" Bibliography prepared for the general reader, for whom this version has been more especially written.

Fairfield, Manchester. A. H. MUMFORD.

October 1922.

Dedicated to
Dr. A. S. PEAKE
in recognition of his
kindness.

PART I. PROLOGUE.

THE PROLOGUE TO JOB

THERE was a man of Uz, whose name was Job ;
That man was upright, blameless, one who feared
His God and did no wrong. To him were born
Seven sons, and daughters three. And he possessed
Seven thousand sheep and goats, a thousand kine,
Three thousand camels, milch and male ; therewith
Five hundred asses, mothers of the herd ;
And bondmen numberless. So he became
The greatest of the sons of all the East.

His sons were merry : every day they held
A banquet and caroused ; and each one had
His day. Seven days they feasted, and they sent
And called their sisters from their father's house
To eat their meat and drink their wine with them.
But when each week of days was gone about,
Job sent for them to purify. Betimes
He rose and offered morning sacrifice,
Burnt offerings, a holocaust for each.
" Perchance," the anxious father said, " my sons
Have sinned against their God unknowingly,
And in their hearts they have forgotten Him."
Thus every seventh day did righteous Job.

There was a day when all the Sons of God,
The Elohim, Immortals, Heavenly Beings,
Came to present themselves before the Lord ;
And Satan, the Accuser, came with them.
Then said the Lord to Satan, " Whence com'st thou ? "
And Satan answered him, " I range the earth,
Yea, to and fro I go, accounting all."
Jehovah said, " Hast thou accounted Job,
My servant Job, the Paragon of Earth,
A man upright, sincere, beyond reproach,
Who feareth God, and shuns all evil things ? "
Thereon the Accuser answered Him and said :
" Doth Job fear God for nought ? Hast Thou not made
An hedge about him and his house and all
He hath, on every side ? Yea, Thou hast blessed
His toil and all his substance in the land.
But now, put forth Thine hand and take away
All Thou hast given him, yea all he hath,
Shall he not, surely, curse Thee to Thy face ? "
Then said the Lord to Satan : " Lo, his all
Is in thine hand, all save the man himself."
And Satan left the presence of the Lord.

It fell upon a day when Job had made
His sacrifice to God, and all his family,

His daughters and his sons, were met to feast
And drink within the eldest brother's house,
There came a messenger to Job, who said :
" The oxen plowed, the asses fed hard by,
And Sheba fell upon them, taking all.
Yea, they have slain thy young men with the sword,
And I alone escaped, to tell thee so."
As he yet spake another came and cried
" Behold ! the Fire of God fell down from Heaven,
And burned thy flocks, and smit thy young men dead ;
I only am escaped to tell thee all."
While he yet spake another came and cried :
" The Kassim in three bands have rounded up
Thy camels, driving every one away ;
And they have slain thy young men with the sword ;
And I alone escaped to tell the tale."
While he yet spake, there came another one,
Who said : " Thy sons and daughters ate and drank
At ease within their eldest brother's house,
And lo ! a whirlwind from the wilderness
Came down and smote the corners of the house,
And all thy sons are dead, thy daughters too ;
I am alone escaped to tell it thee."
Then Job arose and rent his robe and shaved
His head and kneeled, and worshipped God and said :

" Lo ! naked came I from my mother's womb,
And naked shall I thither hence return.
Jehovah gave, Jehovah took away,
And blessed be my Lord Jehovah's Name."
So Job sinned not at all in anything,
Nor charged his Maker with iniquity.

Again there came about a day when all
The Sons of God appeared before the Lord ;
And Satan, the Accuser, came with them.
The Lord said unto him : " Whence comest thou ? "
And Satan answered : " From the earth I come,
Where to and fro I go continually ;
And walking up and down thereon I take
Account of all mankind." Jehovah said :
" Hast thou accounted for my servant Job ?
That there is none like him in all the earth ;
An upright and a blameless man is he,
Who feareth God and keeps his soul secure ;
He stood all unattaint, though thou didst move
Myself to war against him without cause."
Then Satan answered Him : " Yea—' skin for skin ! '—
What man is there that will not render up
His all, so long he keep his Life. Put forth
Thine hand, and touch his bone and flesh,

Assuredly he then will curse Thee to
Thy Face." Then said the Lord to Satan : " Go,
I place Job in thy hands, but spare his life."
So Satan left the Presence of the Lord.

And Satan smote Job's flesh malignantly,
And Job was clothed with sores from head to feet ;
And he was fain to scrape himself with shards,
And sat among the ashes ; on the heap
Of calcined village dung he sat. His wife
Came out to him and said : " Dost thou yet hold
To thine integrity ? Dost thou yet cling
To hope and honour ? Curse thy God and die."
But Job replied : " Beware lest thou blaspheme,
And speak of God as wanton women wont.
For did I not accept the Good from God,
And shall I not receive the Evil too ? "
So Job sinned not, and kept his lips from blame.

When Job's three friends had heard of all the ill
That lay on him, they came to visit him.
Eliphaz came from Teman, Teman famed
For wisdom. Bildad was of Shuah's tribe,
That claimed descent from pious Abraham.
And Zophar came from far Nahmah. These three

Had met at an appointed place ; and they
Were come to mourn with Job and comfort him.
Afar they saw him on his dismal throne
And knew him not at first, but when they knew
'Twas Job, they lifted up their voice and wept.
And each one rent his robe and scattered dust
Upon his head. They came to Job and sat
Upon the ground beside his charnel chair.
Seven days and nights they sat and nothing said,
For that they saw his grief was very great ;
And then, at last, Job spake and cursed his day.

JOB and his friends. "But my friends disappoint me like a stream .... caravans turn to them, then turn away, take to the desert & then perish" (Vi. 15, 18 Moffatt)

The Book of Job describes a man in deep perplexity & spirit. He turns to his friends, as we all do in like circumstances; but he finds them disappointing. They had no real light to throw on his problems; no comfort to offer to his weary soul. They have nothing to say that could rekindle in his heart the spark of faith. Their sick only added to the burden.

PART II. THE CONTROVERSY.

(1) Job and His Friends.

(2) God's Challenge.

This is a common experience. The fevered society, the hectic search for excitements betray a deep unrest. For satisfaction men turn to their friends. Do we not often disappoint one another? We are good companions, wise in advice perhaps, interested in their doings. But we are reticent, shy of intruding upon the deeper levels of spiritual need that they try to hide from us. So to them are we like a stream in the desert. After James Reid.

See page 60.

JOB

PERISH the Day I was born and the Night a man child was begot,
Blot them out from the tale of the years, may God remember them not.
Let the light of the day be as darkness, let thick darkness, noon blackness dismay,
Let the Night be wiped out and forgotten, let him curse it that curseth the Day.
Let the Night that conceived me be sterile and barren the Day of my birth,
Let it hear ne'er a voice of rejoicing that a man child was born upon earth.
Let th' Enchanters arouse the great Dragon, Leviathan rise and entomb,
And the Sea ope its jaws and engulph it and Chaos return and consume.
Let the stars of the morning be darkened, let the curtains of night be undrawn,
That it see not the eyelids of morning, the peeping eyes of the dawn ;
For it shut not the doors of the womb, for it hid not the fear of mine eyes.

Why died I not in the womb ? Why from the womb did
I rise ?
Why on the knees was I welcomed ? Why was I offered
the breast ?
For I had lain down and been quiet, then had I slept and
had rest
With the Kings of the earth and the Captains, with the
Wise of the earth and the Bold,
With the Builders of cities and strongholds and Princes
that hoarded the gold.
O would I had perished aforetime, had been lost in the
womb of the Night,
Come forth an untimely abortion, been an infant that
never saw Light !
O land of eternal forgetting, O land of oblivion blest,
Where the wrathful cease from their raging, and the
weary are at rest !
There the bondmen are lying at ease, they heed not the
taskmaster's word,
And the small and the great are together and the bond-
slave is freed from his lord.
Why is there life to the wretched and light to the bitter
in soul,
Who are digging for death as a treasure and seeking the
grave as their goal ?

My roaring is poured out like water, my sighing is like
my meat,
And He giveth His light to the blinded and His paths
to the trammelled feet.
For the Thing that I feared cometh on me, that which
made me afraid is come nigh,
I am not at ease nor am quiet, distressed and tormented
am I.

ELIPHAZ

I DESIRE to speak unto thee, but I fear lest I add to thy pain ;
But remember that I am thy Friend and forgive if I do not refrain.
Lo thou hast instructed so many, thou hast set the afflicted at ease,
Thou hast lifted the hands that were hanging and hast strengthened the trembling knees.
Now when trouble hath come upon thee, thou thyself art afraid and perplexed,
Calamity falleth on thee, and thy soul like another's is vexed.
Surely thou trustest in God, thou surely hast hope in thy ways,
For when were the upright cut off, and the innocent slain in their days ?
I have seen, with mine eyes have I seen, that they who iniquity plow,
They who sow trouble and sorrow must reap the thing that they sow !
They are burned by the blast of His mouth, they are scorched and consumed by His breath
Who confoundeth the towering lion, Who breaketh the young lion's teeth.

The strong lion hungers and dies, he dies for the lack of his prey ;
And for lack of their meat the whelps of the lioness wander away.

Now a thing was brought to mine ear and a secret was whispered me when
Thoughts arise in the dreams of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men,
Fear came upon me, I trembled, I shuddered, my bones shook apace,
The hairs of my flesh bristled up and a breath passed over my face,
And IT stood still and I might not know the manner of thing I feared,
For a shapeless shape was before mine eyes and a silent voice I heard :
" Before the Everlasting God shall mortal man be just,
Shall man be pure before the one that formed him of the dust ?
Behold He putteth not His trust in those that do His will ;
His Messengers, the Heavenly Host, are Sons of Folly still ;

How much more they who dwell in clay are feeble in
his sight,
Who like the moth are crushed between the morning
and the night!
Betwixt the daybreak and the dark they are destroyed
and die,
They perish then and are no more and unregarded
lie;
Foredoomed to ignorance they come and without
knowledge go,
Their cords are plucked, their tent is struck, they die
or e'er they know."

Thou dost call! On whom wilt thou call? Who will
hearken and answer thy plea,
To which of the Heavenly Ones wilt thou turn to be
Counsel for thee?
Thine anger hath blinded thine eyes, thy resentment
hath darkened thy path;
Know the fool is destroyed by resentment, and the
simple is slain by his wrath.
I have seen the foolish established, I have seen destruc-
tion lay wait
And leap on his children and crush them; unavenged
they are crushed in the gate.

The thirsty make free with their vintage, the hungry
devour their corn,
They take it from vats that are hidden and snatch it
from under the thorn.
Affliction springs not from the dust and grief groweth
not from the ground,
Nor doth trouble advance as a foe, nor destruction
encompass around,
Nay the wicked begetteth affliction, the sinner engen-
ders his dole,
And his sore is fed of his flesh and his sorrow is sown in
his soul.
The wicked is born unto trouble, with his sin is his
sorrow begot,
As a burning fire consumeth itself and as its sparks go out.
As for me, I turn unto God, unto Him I surrender my
plea,
Who doeth unsearchable things, in wonderful ways
worketh He :
He watereth the earth, on deserts sends the rain,
He comforteth the weak, bids mourners hope again.
He holds the cunning hand, and He confounds the
strong,
The wise He puts to shame and casts the proud
headlong.

Thrice blessed whom God corrects, O do not thou
despise
The chastening of God, Almighty and All Wise.
He maketh sore to bind, He wounds and He makes
whole,
Six troubles shall He send, in seven save thy soul.
In days of famine thou from death shalt be restored,
In war He saves thee from the power of the sword.
O be not thou dismayed, and fear nor death nor
dearth,
The forests are thy fence, thy friends the beasts of
earth.
The stones that strew the fields shall be in league with
thee,
And every creeping thing confess thy mastery.
Thy dwelling is secure, thy tent shall be at peace,
Thy seed shall multiply, as grass thy sons increase.
Thou comest to thy grave content and full of years,
As cometh in the corn in ripe and fruitful ears.
Lo ! we have searched for truth and we have under-
stood,
O seek it for thyself and thou shalt find it good.

JOB

O THAT my vexations were weighed, my griefs in the balances piled !
They would scale all the sands of the seas, ye would know why my words were so wild.
For the arrows of God stick within me, their venom has entered my blood,
Yea the terrors of God are upon me, I drink up the poison of God.

The wild ass is content in his pasture, the well-foddered ox in his stall,
But my soul is disordered within me, all I taste is as bitter as gall.
I am sick with my sorrows, my friends, I am sick for your comfort and ye
Offer me food that is noisome, bring spittle of purslain to me.
If God would but grant me my longing, if He would but answer my cry,
If He would but loosen His hand, lift it up, smite me down, that I die ;
That were a help in affliction, I should find comfort again,

Yea, joy in my anguish unsparing and hope in my menacing pain.
But where is the strength for my burden, while I wait what cometh to pass ?
Is my strength as the strength of a stone, is my flesh as the substance of brass ?
Blind and bewildered am I, and the paths of despair have I trod,
And I looked to my friends for my comfort when I was forsaken of God.
But my friends are as brooks in the winter, as deceitful torrents that flow,
Which are black with the ice in the winter, and fat with the wealth of the snow ;
What time it is warm they are vanished, they vanish away where they ran,
And the waterless channels deride the hope of the parched caravan ;
The traders of Tema had marked them, Sabean merchantmen came,
And their prudence was put to confusion and their hopes were turned into shame.
Ye are waterless brooks, ye are mockers, faithless companions are ye,

Did I say " Give to me of your substance " or " Offer
a present for me " ?
Did I ask you to buy or redeem me, did I ask you to
render or lend ?
Ye are such as would plunder the orphan and cast lots
for the soul of your friend.
How trite are the truths of the upright, how weary the
words of the wise !
Now show how your virtue rebukes me, and show how
your logic applies.
Is it words that ye answer with words, think ye that I
play but a part ?
'Tis my sorrow that speaks, not my lips ; and my an-
guish cries out from my heart.
Help me, my brethren, help me ! and show me where
I have erred ;
Weigh not the words of the wretched nor snatch at the
desperate word.
Forget the words of affliction, return and consider my
case,
I pray you be pleased to look on me, I shall not lie to
your face.
Turn again and be just, O my friends ; tho' my tongue
speak in haste think on this,
That I who am righteous have sorrow and know what
calamity is.

Hard service is bound upon man, heavy loads on his shoulder are laid.
As a hireling toils for his wage, as a bondservant pants for the shade,
So am I overburdened and worn, month by month, with a toil that is vain ;
And long nights are appointed for me, weary seasons of tyrannous pain.
When I lay myself down on my bed, " When cometh the morning ? " I say,
And I toss to and fro all the night till the dawn of the pitiless day.
I am clad with a garment of sores and the worms are consuming my flesh,
And my skin is dried up like a shard and anon it is running afresh.

Swift as a weaver's shuttle fly my days,
My life at last is as a broken thread.
How fragile is my life, how sad always,
How short a time ere that sad life is sped !

Remember now that Thou a little breath
Of hollow wind hast portioned out for me,
And as a cloud consumed that vanisheth
Thine eyes are on me and I shall not be.

I go down to my grave and thence I come
No more, I pass, my little life is o'er ;
I shall return no more unto my home,
Nor shall my place regard me any more.

Therefore I will not with my mouth refrain
But I will speak or e'er I reach Sheol ;
In anguish of my soul I will complain
And charge my God in bitterness of soul.

Am I the Sea, or Monster of the sea,
That Thou dost watch and hold me in restraint ?
For when I say " My bed shall comfort me,
My couch shall ease my wearisome complaint,"

Behold Thou scarest me with evil dreams,
All night Thou temptest me with visions vain
Of cruel hands that grasp my throat ; meseems
'Twere better Death in place of this my pain.

I loathe my life, I would not live alway,
Let me alone, my days are vanity ;
For what is man, whom Thou hast made from clay,
That he should boast himself and strive with Thee ?

And what is man that Thou shouldst magnify
His littleness, and then, with humour grim,
Account that little thing thine enemy,
And set Thy heart and spend Thy wrath on him ?

And shall I, then, have not a moment free,
Shall all my days and nights be overseen ?
How long wilt Thou not look away from me ?
Let be till I have swallowed down my spleen.

If I have sinned, how have I injured Thee,
Thou watcher of mankind, that with Thy rod
Thou smitest me, and I, a man, should be
An object and a burden to my God ?

If I, perchance, have erred, though Thou art just,
Art Thou not also God to loose and bind ?
Have pity, ere Thou lay me in the dust
And Thou shalt seek me, and Thou shalt not find.

BILDAD

HOW long will ye utter such things and the words of your mouth be like wind ?
Doth God pervert justice and judgment, wilt thou say the Almighty hath sinned ?
Thy sons and thy daughters had sinned with their mirth and their meat and their wine,
And God hath avenged upon thee the sins of those children of thine.
If thou wouldst but turn unto God, if thou wouldst but remember that He,
Wert thou perfectly honest and upright, would assuredly hearken to thee !
He would set up thy dwellings anew and cause thy afflictions to cease,
Enrich thy former beginnings and thy latter end greatly increase !
Return to the truths of the Fathers, O thou who of yesterday art ;
They will try thee and teach and correct thee and utter words out of their heart.
For theirs is the ultimate word, and the truths they have taught us we know ;

As for us, we are sons of the day, as its shadows we come
and we go.
Can the reed grass thrive without mire or the bulrush
its feathers unfold ?
Without water they languish and wither and die before
they are old.
And such is the hope of the godless, he droops in the
light of the day,
He spinneth his house as a spider, as a web it is broken
away.
He leans on his house and it stands not, he grasps it in
vain, for anon
Its foundations decay and it falleth, and crumbleth
away and is gone.

As a vine full of sap is the godless, with suckers that
shoot and that cling ;
It lays hold of its stone habitation and its root reaches
down to a spring ;
But 'tis bruised by the heel and it withers, it is ruined
and is quickly forgot ;
And out of its dust springs another, and its place re-
members it not.
Thus God shall deal with the wicked ; the evil man dies
ere his day,

But God preserveth the perfect, the righteous will not
cast away,
His mouth He filleth with laughter, his lips shall delight
in His name ;
But the tent of the wicked shall perish and sinners be
clothed with their shame.

JOB

OF a truth thou hast spoken a truth, thou declarest a truth ; well I know
That no man can be just with his God ; thou hast spoken a truth ; it is so.
If a man would dispute with his Maker, His might and His wisdom defy,
Could he answer Him one of a thousand, if his Maker should deign to reply ?
The Almighty is mighty indeed and in His strength He is wise,
And woe to the heart that is hardened and woe to the man who defies !
The hills are o'erturned in His anger, His fingers the mountains remove,
He shaketh the earth in her place till tremble the pillars thereof.
He commandeth the sun nor it shineth, He sealeth the lamps of the sky.
He bendeth the arch of the heavens and walketh the waters on high.
He alone the Bear and Orion and the Pleiads can loosen and bind,

He fashions the chambers of light, and the houses of thunder and wind.
Behold ! He worketh in silence, in secret He cometh and He
Passeth me by and I know not, while He worketh His will upon me.
Behold ! Who can hinder when God stretcheth forth and seizeth His prey ?
He smiteth and none can deliver, there is no one that sayeth Him nay.
Yea, He compasseth things without number, great things He bringeth about ;
Marvellous things doeth He, and His ways they are past finding out.

And God is grim in His anger : He smiteth and smiteth again,
The troops of Tiamat tremble and the Dragon is cloven in twain.
And I, shall I answer His anger, shall I choose out my words and reply ?
Though my cause were ever so righteous, His creature, His bondman am I.
Shall I answer the Wise and the Strong, shall I challenge His wisdom and might ?

Shall I charge the Almighty with wrong and match
His strength with my right ?
For if I call on the Mighty, then who is mighty
but He,
Yea, He is both Judge and Defendant ; He judgeth,
He answereth me.
He can cause mine own mouth to condemn me, by
my tongue He can prove me perverse.
If He will, then the righteous and wicked are neither
the better nor worse.
Mine is the Right, His the Might ; He can mock me
and torture and slay,
For He is Omnipotent God and I am His creature of
clay.
And He giveth the earth to the wicked, to men of an
evil mind ;
The guiltless are beaten and bound and the eyes of
the Judges are blind.
Is it He that doeth these things ? Hath He the innocent
smit ?
Is it God that mocketh the upright ? If not God then
who is it ?

My days are swift as a runner, like shadows they hasten
away,

As a reed that is swept on the river, as a vulture that swoops on the prey.
If I say " I will put off my sorrow," I will cease to complain and to chide,
I still am afraid of my sorrow, my wrongs and His Judgments abide.
I know that I labour in vain, yea doomed to be guilty am I,
Though I wash my hands in snow water, though I wash me with snow and with lye,
Though I make myself never so clean, yet He can degrade me afresh,
And drag me anew through the mire, till my garment abhorreth my flesh.
For He is no man as I am, that we twain at the Judgment might stand,
For the Daysman to come in between us and on each and on both lay his hand.
Let God lift His terror from off me, and affright me no more with His rod,
Then might I speak and not fear Him and plead my cause with my God.

My soul loatheth my life, I will let my complaint have its course upon me

And my bitterness cry out aloud, I will say what then do I to Thee ?
Why condemnest Thou Me ? Why contendest with me, is it good to oppress
The innocent one and the work of Thy hands and exult in distress ?
Hadst Thou eyes, eyes of flesh, and couldst see as a man, frail of flesh, few of days,
Wouldst Thou seek after sin, wouldst Thou search after guilt, wouldst Thou track all my ways ?
Thou must know I am guiltless and feeble and frail, and why then dost Thou stand
In Thy wisdom as Judge, in Thy might as a King— nor holdest Thy hand.
And the hand that hath smit me and bruised me, hath made me, remember I pray,
When Thou turnest on me in Thine anger, Thou mad'st me, Thou mad'st me of clay.
Thou didst pour me like milk and didst curdle like cheese and didst knit me within,
Thou didst knit me together with sinews and bones and didst clothe me with skin.
And Thou shewedst me kindness, yea favour and fortune, Thou wast good unto me ;

And Thy Providence kept me and guided my way and
I looked unto Thee.
And yet this all the while didst Thou hide in Thy heart,
yea this didst Thou know,
Thou didst purpose to watch me and mark and en-
snare me, and make me Thy foe.
And if I were wicked then woe unto me, Thou hadst
smitten me dead,
And if I am righteous I may not defend me, nor lift up
my head.
Am I wicked or righteous, with Thee it is one, Thou
layest me low,
I am drunken with sorrow and sated with shame, and
weary with woe,
And Thou comest on me as were I a lion and ready to
spring,
And Thou as a Hunter wouldst shew on Thy creature
some marvellous thing.
Thou dost nourish resentment and stir up Thine anger,
Thy vexation increase,
Thou renewest Thy witness 'gainst me in my woes,
and dost give me no peace.
Thou hurlest fresh hosts upon me that am dying, to
accomplish my doom,

And for this didst Thou make me and keep me, Thy quarry, ordained from the womb ?
I ought to have perished before I was born, of all eyes unseen ;
I ought to have gone from the womb to the grave and never have been.

Since my days are but few, then cease and let me alone that I may
Take comfort a little, have peace on the earth, ere I hasten away
To the place whence I shall not return, to the Land that no Light lighteneth,
To the Land of thick Darkness, yea Darkness itself, to the Kingdom of Death,
To the country chaotic and blind, to the Land of the Dead where the Light
Is as Darkness, the land where the Night is the Day and the Day is the Night.

ZOPHAR

WORDS, words, multitudinous words, I had heard thy babble unmoved,
But how shalt thou boast unrebuked, thou a man mock thy God unreproved ?
For thou sayest, " My doctrine is pure, and perfect am I in thine eyes " ;
Yet if God did but open His lips, thou wert silent and shamed of thy lies.
For the secrets of wisdom are wondrous, manifold without and within,
Thou art perfect ? Know this and be quiet, He hath punished but half of thy sin.
Canst thou measure the limits of God and grasp His perfections when He
In His wisdom outstretches the earth, outstretches the breadth of the sea ?
His wisdom is higher than Heaven—and what canst thou know ?
His wisdom is deeper than Hell—and what canst thou do ?
Yea he searcheth the secrets of men and who shall withstand His decree,

When He cometh and calleth His court He shall not
linger for thee.
And He knoweth the folly of fools, nor payeth regard
unto it,
And a babbler attaineth to wisdom when a wild ass
colt gets wit.
Prepare thy heart unto wisdom, loose iniquity, put it
away,
Yea, put it away from thy tents, cleanse thy heart,
stretch thy hands out and pray ;
And thy pain and thy sorrow shall leave thee, as floods
that are past and are not,
And thou shalt be strong in thy body, and lift up thy
face without spot,
And thy life shall be clearer than noonday, and as clear
as the day be thy night,
And thou shalt be safe all about thee, thou shalt sleep
and none shall affright.
'Tis the wicked, the wicked, that suffer ; they call,
there is no one to save ;
They are foolish and maddened and blind—and their
hope is the Grave.

JOB

NO doubt ye are the wise, wisdom will die with you,
The things ye say are unexceptionably true.
Why do ye speak such things? Why do ye vapour thus?
Ye utter commonplace! ye prate the obvious!
How can I pray to God and seek His Face when ye,
Ye upright men upbraid, abuse, dishonour me?
The just when just men call will answer them again,
But ye do play the fool, ye are not honest men.
The comfortable man will on misfortune frown,
He lifteth up his hand to strike the wretched down.
And you, ye hurl at me, when I lie in the dust,
The Counsels of the Dead, Hard Wisdom of the Just:
"The good," ye say, "are safe, the righteous are secure,
No harm can come to them for their defence is sure.
Yea, call upon the beasts and they will make thee wise;
And call upon the birds and they will ope thine eyes;
Yea, speak to creeping things, to fishes of the sea,
To everything that is and they will answer thee."
Who knoweth not that God the universe commands
And everything that is, is helpless in His hands?

Ye bid me seek the wise that I may judge aright ?
With God is wisdom hid and judgment, ay, and might.
Behold He breaketh down, and who shall build again ?
He drieth up the floods, He delugeth with rain,
He maketh judges fools, the priests He leads astray,
The counsellors He mocks and takes their speech away.
The leaders He misleads, He blinds their hearts, and then
They stagger to and fro, and are as drunken men.
Now I had heard all this, yea I had seen and knew,
I know all that you say, I am not less than you.
But I will call on God, yea plead with Him nor fear,
With Him ye paint with lies, whose truths ye patch and smear.
Be still and shew your sense, be still and hear me plead,
Yea, hark ye to rebuke, and words of wisdom heed.
Ye are untrue to God, your God with guile defend.
Why are ye false for God ? For Him with lies contend ?
Why would ye flatter God ? Is He a fool or child ?
Your Maker searcheth out, nor is by words beguiled.
And if you favour Him, His wrath falls on your head,
For God is wise and just, He weigheth what is said.
Your proverbs are as dust, your maxims are as clay ;

Then hold your peace, be still, give heed to what I say.
I will not hide the Truth, before my God I stand,
My flesh is in my teeth, my life is in my hand.
Although He slayeth me, I stand by this, I say
I have not sinned nor erred, I kept the perfect way.
Therefore hear ye my speech and listen unto me,
I will arrange my case, I will set forth my plea.
I know my cause is just, I have not sinned and I
Will not deny God's truth—God hearken ere I die :

" I would not fear Thy face, yet these two things I pray :
O make me not afraid and take Thy hand away.
Then Thou shalt call on me and I will answer Thee,
And let me call on Thee, and Thou shalt answer me.
How many are my sins and mine iniquities ?
Yea, tell me what my sin, my great transgression is ;
And wherefore art Thou wroth and holdst me for Thy foe ?
And wilt Thou chase a leaf and after stubble go ?
Thou writest bitter things, against my soul wouldst cast
The errors of my youth, the tale of things long past.
Thou hobblest my frail feet, my helpless hands are bound,

Thou hedgest all my ways and draw'st a circle round :
And I, a wretched one, and I a withered root,
A garment eaten by moths, a plucked and rotting fruit !

Man whom feeble woman bears
Is few of days and full of cares ;
Like a flower he flourisheth,
And like a flower withereth ;
A shadow of the day begot,
He fleeth and continueth not ;
And wilt Thou look on such as he
And count him as Thine enemy ?

And Thou hast fixed his term, let be and look away,
Till he shall end, poor slave, his brief appointed day.
He dies not as a tree, cut down again to sprout,
And from its stricken roots send tender branches out.
Man dies as waters fail, he lieth down to rise
No more, he sleeps for aye beneath the ageing skies ;
The seasons go and come, the suns in splendour sweep,
The Dead come not again nor rouse them from their sleep.

Do dead men live again ? Were I in Sheol cast
And Thou wouldst keep me hid until Thy wrath were past,

And wouldst appoint a day, remembering me! Ah, then
I would await that day—if dead men live again.

But waters wear the stones, the mountains bow and fall,
Rocks crumble from their place and Thou destroyest all.
One's sons to honour come and he may never know,
And he may never hear what time they are brought low,
For he is with the dead and he shall not return,
Tho' his dead flesh have pain, his soul in Sheol mourn.

ELIPHAZ

AND shall a wise man speak with hollow words and vain,
And fill himself with wind and belch it forth again,
Indulge in useless talk, in words that have no sense ?
Thou stiflest pious thought, thou mock'st at reverence,
For sin instructs thy mouth and guile thy crafty tongue,
Thy mouth condemneth thee, thine own lips shew thee wrong.
Art thou the morning star, ere Time hadst thou thy birth,
Didst catch the thoughts of God, when He designed the earth ?
Is wisdom hid in thee, that thou shouldst treat us thus ?
Lo, we are old and grey, thou art a lad to us.
I had a heart for thee, to comfort and be kind ;
But thine own heart is hard, thy crafty eyes are blind.
Think thou on God for He His angels will not trust,
To Him is heaven unclean, His holy ones unjust,
And shall He honour man, and shall He plead with one
Who feasts himself on sin and gulps his evil down ?
Yet patient will I be, I beg thee hear thou me ;
And that which I have seen will I declare to thee,
That which the wise have learned, that which the fathers told,

The truth infallible, which cometh down of old.
The wicked travailleth with pain his whole life long,
He feareth every day ; and he that doeth wrong
Still trembles at the dark, he fears where'er he go
The paid assassin's knife or sword of angry foe,
And he be vultures' food. Success makes him afraid,
Distress and anguish wait like jealous kings arrayed.
And why ? For that he mocked high heaven and God
defied,
And set himself against th' Almighty in his pride.
He tilteth at his God as if he were his peer.
He makes his worth his shield, his dignity his spear.
He dwells in lonely lands, by doleful satyrs trod,
Where leprous walls decay, in cities cursed of God.
His increase rots away, his harvest is unborn,
He sees no springing blade, no bending ear of corn.
Himself a tree consumed, the lightning blasts his root,
The winds of God arise and whirl away his fruit.
His palm shall not be green, it dies or ere its prime,
Grape bud and olive flow'r shall fall before their time.
The wicked shall be slain, the godless barren be,
And fire shall consume the tents of bribery.
The wicked compass ill and bring forth violence,
Their trust is vanity, ruin their recompense.

JOB

MISERABLE comforters all, ye that mock me
and call me your friend,
How many vain things must I hear and when will your
vapourings end !
I also could join words together, be sagacious and shake
my wise head,
If my soul were unsmitten of God, and your souls were
in my soul's stead.
How oft have I strengthened your souls, with my
counsel your anger appeased !
But by you is my grief unassuaged, ye have spoken,
and what am I eased ?
Yet 'tis God who has wearied me out, hath astonished
me, gripped in His gin.
My shame is a witness against me and my leanness
leereth like sin.
And God giveth my soul to the godless, they gather
themselves in their scorn ;
He flingeth my flesh to the wicked, by the jaws of His
wrath am I torn.
He hath torn in His rage, and hath followed, he
gnasheth his teeth and pursu'th,

He sharp'neth His greed on my anguish, He gapeth on me with His mouth.
And 'tis God, God Himself that hath done it, it is God that hath broken me ;
For I was at ease and He broke me, I was in comfort and He,
He lifted me up by the neck and He flung me down again ;
And so am I broken and bruised and the scorn of foolish men.
He setteth me up for His mark, He looseth His arrows around,
He cleaveth my reins asunder and poureth my gall on the ground.
Like a giant He runneth at me, He thrusts at me thrust upon thrust,
And I, I sit in my sackcloth and hide my horn in the dust.

My hands are hanging heavy, I scarce can draw my breath,
My face is foul with weeping, mine eyes are dim with death.
O Earth hide not my sorrow, let it lift up and cry,
Ye Heavens be my witness, and hear ye ones on high.

To God I lift my prayer, 'fore Him I lay my plea,
May God defend His creature, and God judge
God for me,
O hearken, my Avenger, before the women come
To wail the soul departing to its eternal home.

My spirit is consumed, my life extinct, the Grave,
The Grave it gapes for me, and still these mockers
rave
In righteous bitterness, these men so hard and
blind,
They rave till I reflect their own disordered mind.
To Thee my God I turn. Give Thou a pledge for
me,
Be surety for Thyself, let me strike hands with
Thee.

Ye blinded consolers that mock me, ye are such as
would feast and carouse
With companions as hard as yourselves, when your
children are starved in your house.
Have ye found your treasure at home, have ye stayed
yourselves on your food,
Ye that batten yourselves on a proverb and can feast
on a platitude ?

Proverbs and bywords would ye ? or a Portent ? Behold I am it ;
A moral am I among men, I am one in whose face men spit.

My days are passing to death and broke are the cords of my will,
The intents of my heart are broken and my desires are still.
And ye friends, ye mock me with phrases, ye who furrow your foreheads and say :
" Hope now, repent and have patience and thy night shall be changed into day."
But I look to the Grave as my Home, in the Darkness my couch have I spread,
I said to Corruption " My Mother," to the worm, " My Sister," I said !
Ye that mutter of hope and of patience, ye that prate of your hope and your trust,
Shall we go down to Sheol together, will ye go with me to the dust ?

BILDAD

HOW long lay ye snares for our words ? Ere ye speak consider aright ;
Wherefore are we counted as beasts ? Wherefore are we fools in thy sight ?
Thou tearest thyself in thine anger, yea thou smitest thyself in the face ;
For thee shall the earth be called barren and the mountains be moved from their place ?
'Tis the light of the wicked that faileth, the flame of his fire is dim,
His lamp is gone down in his tent and his light is darkened for him.
The steps of his strength shall be shortened, his own counsel, he stumbleth by it,
With his feet shall he tread on the pitfall, yea he casteth himself in the pit.
His heel shall take hold of the gin, his foot catch itself in the snare,
In the noose that is hid in the ground, in the trap that is laid for him there.
His own terrors shall make him afraid, at the thought of his terrors he reels,

The hounds of his fears shall pursue him and phantoms
shall hang on his heels.
Calamity gallops behind him, disaster is hard on his
track ;
He stumbles, they catch at his throat, he falls and they
leap on his back.
They break the bars of his body, they break him body
and limb,
They break the bones of his body and devour the
marrow of him.
And he shall be torn from his tent, and be dragged
from the dwellings of men,
And be slave to the King of the Night, and be bound
in the vampire's den.
Brimstone shall cover his tent, his fields shall be blasted
and banned,
His remembrance perish on earth and his name be
forgot in the land.
His house and his household shall perish, of the heirs
of his flesh shall be none
That remain in the land or the earth, not a son nor a
son of his son.
They that knew him in days of his splendour, when
they hear of his end are dismayed,

The Sons of the West are astonished, and the Sons of
the East are afraid.
Behold this is the tale of the wicked, and such is the
darksome abode
Of him that works evil and mischief, of him that for-
getteth his God.

JOB

HOW long will ye vex and afflict me ? How long will ye smite as with swords ?
These seven times have ye reproached me, unashamed have ye broke me with words ;
And be it indeed I have erred, my blame is mine own, nor forget
It is God that subverteth His servant, and compassed me round in His net.
Behold I cry out of my wrongs, I cry and I am not heard,
I cry for His help and His judgment and He answereth never a word.
He fenceth my ways before me and darkens the path that I tread,
He hath stripped me of all my glory and taken the crown from my head ;
He hath broken me down all about me, my hope rooted up like a tree,
He counteth me one of His foemen and kindleth His wrath against me ;
His troops like an army encircle, they encompass, entrench as in war ;

He parteth my brethren from me, mine acquaintance
he setteth afar.
My kinsfolk have failed and my servants, my hand-
maids their master forgotten,
My breath is offence to my wife, to the babes of my
body begotten.
Even young children despise me, I arise they regard
me no more ;
All that I love are against me and all that had loved
me abhor.
My skin and my flesh are all wasted, they cling to my
bones beneath,
My bones protrude and are rotten, I am saved with
the skin of my teeth.
Have pity upon me, have pity ; I am touched with the
Finger of God,
Not yours but His is the Judgment, not on you but on
me is His rod.
O that my words were now written for all generations
of men,
Graven deep in the rock for ever with lead and iron
pen,
But I know my Redeemer liveth and shall stand at
a latter day

When the worms have devoured my body and my bones are all mouldered away,
And I with mine eyes shall behold Him, I shall stand with my God on my dust,
He shall judge me and He shall absolve me, and I know that His judgment is just.

And I long for that time with a longing that rendeth the reins of my being,
Still I wait for the vision of God, I faint, I am sick for the seeing.
And ye ! ye take counsel and say : " We will persecute him until we
Find the root of the evil in him, prove that he is the cause, even he !
Think again, O my friends, ere ye judge me, lest on you His wrath be outpoured,
By the sword of your God would ye judge me ? See that ye be not judged by the sword.

ZOPHAR

MY thoughts are bursting within me, and yet what words can I find
To reply to thy shameless contention, to thy prating so godless and blind ?
Yea my soul is ashamed and aghast at thy soul so shameless and vain,
And mine own tongue falters and fails me when I seek to answer again.
Hast thou not learned it of old, didst thou not know from the first,
That the triumph of evil is shortened and the way of the wicked accurst ?
Though his head should reach up to the clouds, and his excellence mount to the skies,
The wicked shall perish like dung, and no one shall ask where he lies.
He fleeth away like a shadow, his strength is consumed like the thorn,
He passeth away like a vision, like a dream at the coming of morn.
And the eye shall no longer behold him and his place shall regard him no more,

And his hands shall surrender his increase and his children be thrust from his door.
His iniquities harass his youth, he shall die in his pride and his lust,
When his bones are full of their sap, they shall lie with him in the dust.

Yea sin is a dainty tit-bit, sin is sweet 'twixt the mouth and the lip,
Sweet to roll 'twixt the palate and tongue, sweet to taste and to roll till it slip
Through his gullet and throat and beyond, till he swallow it down and it fall
Into his belly and bowels and there it is bitter as gall.
That he devoured devours, his meat into canker is turned,
Yea it is as the gall of an adder, with the poison of asps is he burned.
Doth the wicked man gulp down his wealth, he shall vomit it up again,
He shall swallow the poison of asps, by the venom of vipers be slain ;
For all his cunning and labour, he shall not partake of his spoil,
His streams of honey and butter, his flowing rivers of oil ;

For that he hath plundered the poor, and forgotten
them that have need,
He hath no joy in his treasure, he hath no ease in his
greed.
He hath added one house to another, he possesseth,
devoureth all,
He hath founded his house upon hunger and his own
house by hunger shall fall.
Though he maketh his prudent provision his soul
abideth in straits,
And misery summons her offspring, they gather them-
selves at his gates.
Let it be that he filleth his belly and is wrapped in his
plenitude,
Yet sorrow is stored for his substance and fierceness of
wrath for his food.
Though he flee from the weapons of iron and escape
the swords that pursue,
The bow that is brazen shall smite him and the glitter-
ing arrow come through ;
He draweth it out of his body, he plucketh it out of his
gall,
But Terror has fastened upon him and the Demons of
Darkness appal.

And by hands in the dark is he smitten, he dies by powers unknown,
He wasteth away in the silence and is burned by fires unblown.
And heaven shall shew his transgression and earth shall arise in that day,
And his wealth and his increase shall vanish as water floweth away.
And this is the wicked man's portion, and the goal of the path that he trod,
He reaps the reward of his evil and inherits the wrath of his God.

JOB

O HARK my friends to me, so shall ye comfort me ;
Then, if ye will, mock on, but hear me patiently.
My soul is sorely vexed, yea horror taketh hold
On me, I see the wicked live, wax fat, grow old ;
I see their seed established with them in their sight,
Their houses safe from harm, nor doth high Heaven smite
The ungodly ones ; all things go well with them, their bull
It gendereth, their cow hath calf, their barns are full.
Their children like a flock go forth, their children play,
They dance and sing to timbrel and to harp and they
Themselves make merry, yea they feast and flute,
And wanton dance to sound of dulcimer and lute.
In comfort are they lapped, their souls do dwell at ease,
Secure they live their lives and end their days in peace.
And these are the ungodly, these are men who say :
" Depart from us, O God, we know Thee not. Thy way
Concerns us not ! " And if they reason, reason thus :
" God ? God ! How need we God ? What doth He profit us ?

Why should we worship God and bend our knees and
pray
To God ? Why serve we God ? How would that service
pay ?
Why offer Him our lands, our bullocks and our oil ?
What right hath He ? What claim ? He doth not share
our toil.
We see the godly sacrifice, what have their offerings
bought ?
What wealth, what certainty ? They serve their God
for naught.
What doeth God ? Doth He then hedge their land,
doth He
Set pillars to their house ? What have they more than
we ?
Their bargainings are vain, they worship, pay their
price,
What purchase they and what reward hath sacrifice ?
Why then their piety ? What is His service worth ?
For we, who know Him not, have our full share of
earth.
The rain descends on godless fields, the sun will shine
No doubt on godly ones as 'twill on yours and mine.
'Tis they who build secure and hedge and till their land
That shape their destiny, their wealth is in their hand.''

Shall men fear God ? What are the wicked in His sight ?
What careth God ? How oft does He put out their light
And send calamity on them ? How oft are they
As straw and chaff the tempest carrieth away ?
Say ye " a father's sins are all accredited
Unto his sons and they must pay for all he did " ?
Nay doth not justice say that God should recompense
Each man for his own deed, each for his own offence ?
Yea let the sinner know and feel the Almighty's wrath,
And drink the cup he brewed and stagger in his path.
When dead he cannot know nor feel what follows on,
And good and bad are one to him when he is gone.
'Tis so my friends, and you and I must bow, and still
Confess the ways of Him who giveth as He will ;
If we deny His truth, remember, we deny
The judgments of the One Who judgeth those on high.

O men, my fellow men, forget your theories
And all your bitterness, regard life as it is.
Examine life and take a full account of it,
And reason from the things that are and so submit
All prejudice to Nature. Look on mankind and say
If each is judged in justice, if he ends his day

With rounded life. He sows, doth he receive the fruit
Of all he sowed—bad—good—exact and absolute ?
One man is strong, his veins are full of wholesome
blood,
He prospers, wealth flows in upon him like a flood.
He lives his life in full and, when at length is fain
To lay him down to die, he passes without pain.
Another is dragged down in weariness,
He never tasted good, he never knew success.
And who of you will say of each, " Beyond all doubt
This man received his due exactly measured out " ?
But this much can we say : The unjust and the just
Attain a common goal and share a common dust.
The Prince and Pauper, Righteous and Unrighteous
sleep,
And on the unsentient flesh the worms their banquet
keep.

And ask ye them that travel, them that to and fro
Have passed o'er all the earth and judging wisely know
The truth of things, if evil evil doth repay,
If evil men are kept unto an evil day.
For who is there to judge the strong and evil one
And pay him to his face the evil he hath done ?
The godless also dies in comfort, and is borne

Unto his resting place like sheaf of ripened corn ;
His effigies look down upon his stately tomb,
Around his sheltered resting place the lilies bloom,
And godless men in all their thousands walk his way
As men innumerable walked before his day.
Therefore I say your comfortable words are vain,
How can ye comfort me with words ? The facts remain.
I have been calm and looked on life and seen it whole,
And shall your platitudes bring comfort to my soul ?

ELIPHAZ

WHO then shall profit God? What need has God of pelf?
Lacks He thy goats and oil? The righteous serves himself.
What merit then has he? How dare he urge a claim?
Can man reward his God or glorify His name?
Think'st thou Almighty God His creatures' banker is?
Is it a gain to Him, is thy advantage His?
Is't for thy piety, thy reverence that He
Hath brought thee unto want and hath a cause 'gainst thee?
Is't not thy wickedness, thy wondrous wickedness?
For sure there is no end to thy iniquities.
Yea thou hast beaten down the poor, I warrant me,
And ta'en a pledge and ground him by thy usury;
The hungry wayfarer has passed thy door unfed,
And from the starving man thou hast withholden bread;
The widow hast thou sent away in emptiness,
And of his slender store hast robbed the fatherless;
And all the while the snare was round about thee cast,
And now the net hath closed, the toils have gripped thee fast.

Therefore these floods of bitter waters cover thee,
And clouds of fear and darknesss, that thou may'st not see.
Thou think'st perchance that God, who dwelleth in the height
Beyond the stars, recks not, and hath not oversight
Of thee; thou say'st: "The Darkness hideth me," and so
Thou say'st again: "Why then fear God? What doth God know?"
Thou speak'st of ancient ways that wicked men have trod,
Wilt keep those ancient ways? Wilt thou forget thy God?
Those evil ones were snatched away before their day,
And all their strong foundations melted into clay.
The godly see it and are glad, the guiltless laugh
To see the guilty seized and whirled away like chaff.
They say: "How is our enemy that breathed out fire
By floods of waters quenched, himself and his desire!"
Therefore acquaint thyself with God and be at peace,
Thy griefs shall go, thy joys return, thy goods increase.
Receive, I pray, instruction from His mouth and lay
These words within thy heart and keep them and obey.

If thou return to God with humbled heart, confess
Thy sin and banish from thy tents unrighteousness,
Yea sink thy mines of Ophir deep into the sea,
Then God shall be thy guide, yea treasure unto thee.
Lift up thy face to God, to Him lift up thy prayer,
Delight thyself in God, and thou shalt be His care.
Hear me, for God the contrite sinner pardoneth,
The guilty soul, if he repents, He saves from death.

JOB

SAY ye I am still rebellious ? 'Tis not I that rebel but my wrong,
My stroke is more than my groaning and my sorrows bewilder my tongue.
O that I knew where to find Him that I might come to His seat !
I would order my case in His presence, I would lay my cause at His feet.
And I know how He would receive me, I know what His answer would be,
He would not contend in His power, He would hearken, give heed unto me.
There the upright may reason with Him and the just his petition may state,
And I should be sure of His judgment for the Judge were my Advocate.
Behold I go forward nor find Him, go backward and seek Him in vain,
On the left hand I look nor behold Him, on the right He doth hidden remain ;
But He knoweth the way that I take, I come forth as the gold that is tried,

For my foot hath held fast by His ways, from His paths
I turned not aside.
I have kept the commands of His lips, I have treasured
His words as my food,
And God hath decreed, who can turn Him ? He doeth
what seemeth Him good.
And 'tis God that hath smitten me sore and God who
hath darkened my ways,
And I am cut off by the darkness, and thick darkness
covers my face.

Why are there no seasons for judgment, set times when
the Judge in His might
Shall justify him who maintaineth that the Judge of
the earth doeth right ?
For mankind is beset with affliction and the sores of its
sons are unhealed.
There are those that wander in darkness and are less
than the beasts of the field.
Their vigour is perished untimely, gaunt with hunger
and famine are they,
They gnaw the dry ground in their hunger and they
knead their bread from the clay.
They are driven away from the cities, as one chaseth a
thief are they chased,

They escape like the beasts of the desert and they shelter themselves in the waste,
They seek the ravines of the mountains and hide themselves in their gloom,
They pluck the salt wort from the bushes, and dig for the roots of the broom.
They dig their burrows in darkness as a wild beast diggeth his den,
They chatter and moan like the beasts, forgetting the language of men.
And they couch themselves down in the brushwood, 'midst brambles and nettles they rut,
They bray with a brutish desire and bring forth their young like the brute ;
Their offspring are offspring of weaklings, they are witless and cursed from their birth,
Helpless and hapless, inhuman, they have no place on the earth.

The bad and bold possess the earth and hold it in their might,
They make their evil will their way, they make their strength their right.
They get their goods by violence, they break the poor man's hedge,

They seize the orphan's ox and take the widow's ass
in pledge.
They drive the needy from their place and honest
men must hide,
Yea like wild asses, seek the waste and with the
beasts abide.
They seek their meat in barren lands, they hunger
all their days,
They hear their children cry for bread and turn to
evil ways.
They wander in the fields by night to reap their
provender,
They glean the vineyards of the rich and find their
substance there.
They watch the growing harvest fields, and in full
time, as thieves,
The starving wretches raid the rich and carry off
the sheaves.
And they are wet with mountain dews and make the
rocks their hold,
And lie all night in nakedness, uncovered to the cold.
Or if in honest ways they walk and serve and sweat
and toil,
They hunger in the fields of corn and thirst by vats
of oil.

Perchance the busy city streets these panting wretches throng,
They groan, they rot in misery and no one heeds their wrong.
And there are those who hate the light and walk in evil ways,
The murderer who at dead of night the poor and needy slays,
And he the lewd adulterer, who at the set of sun
With face disguised steals forth to sin, that thrice accursed one.
Or they that hide themselves by day, at night go forth by stealth,
To dig through houses in the dark and get another's wealth,
Befriended by the dark are they, they fear, they hate the light,
Their midnight is their morning and their noonday is their night.

And God? God keepeth the mighty, He saveth the strong when they lie,
Smitten with sickness, yea dying, they rise and they do not die.

Yea God preserveth the mighty, He preserveth their substance from harm,
He hedgeth them round with His counsel, yea He guardeth the strong with His arm.
Am I wrong, my friends ? Have I lied ? Will ye call me a liar forsooth ?
Then point me the wrong and prove me the lie—and shew me the truth.

BILDAD

GOD hath dominion and fear, He maketh peace in the height,
His armies are vast as the stars and nothing is hid from His sight.
He seeth Abaddon uncovered and Sheol is naked to Him,
The ghosts of the Giants tremble, the shades of the Rephaim,
He hangeth the earth upon nothing, the supports of the North are unbent,
The clouds are unburst of the waters, the bottles of heaven unrent.
He cloaketh the face of His throne, He spreadeth His curtains thereon,
He covers the face of the moon and He blackens the face of the sun.
He setteth His bounds on the deep, on the confines of Darkness and Light,
Within is the day on the earth and the deep, and without is the Night.
The hills everlasting shudder, yea the mountains shudder and quake,

The Pillars of Heaven are shaken, the props of the Firmament shake.
The sea is stilled by His power and the sliding sea snake slain,
The Heavens are purged by His breath and Rahab is broken in twain.
Lo these are the skirts of His ways, and we hear but the Whisper of Him,
For none understandeth His thunder and to all His splendour is dim.

Can a man then be just before God or one born of a woman do right ?
Lo the Moon before Him hath no brightness, and the stars are not clear in His sight.
How much less the poor worm of the earth, man brutish and blind and infirm,
A maggot and born of a maggot, a worm and the son of a worm !

ZOPHAR

LET mine enemy be as the wicked, as the son of unrighteousness,
Let him share in the doom of the wicked, may his last end be like his.
For what is the hope of the godless, of his bulls and his barns and his grain,
When the Almighty cutteth him off, himself and his ill-gotten gain ?
And when calamity cometh and he hideth his face in his shame,
How shall he that denied the Almighty look up and call on His name ?
The oppressor inherits oppression, his children are scanted in bread,
And Famine and Sword shall devour and the Pestilence bury his dead ;
Yea his sons for the sword are begotten and their widows shall witness their doom,
They see it and make no lamenting, there is no one to weep at their tomb.
He is whirled like a chip on the waters and strangers inherit his store,

And the vinedresser turns from his vineyard for his vintage and vines are no more.
As streams are drunk up in the drought and as snow is consumed by the sun
So corruption consumes the transgressor and Sheol the treacherous one.
The womb that hath borne shall forget him and the worm on his carcase shall feed,
He shall rot like a leperous tree and be burned like a pestilent weed,
For that he afflicted the helpless and withheld from the orphan his own,
And scorned the barren that bare not and the widow bereaved and alone.
The wicked prepareth his raiment, he heapeth his silver like dust,
But the innocent gather his raiment and his robes are prepared for the just.
He buildeth his house like the spider, he spreadeth his couch like the moth,
His house is a shelter of wattles, as a vinedresser buildeth his booth.
He layeth him down on his bed with tortoise and ivory wrought,

On his couch with the hangings of purple, and awakeneth
and lo ! he is naught.
And terrors steal o'er him by night and the tempest
o'ertakes him by day,
And the east wind destroyeth his dwelling and the
desert wind whirls it away.
Would he flee from the hand of his God, God hurls
at him, God does not spare,
And who can escape the Almighty ? God smiteth and
slayeth him there ;
And men shall exult in his fall, his companions shall
spit in his face,
And the innocent clappeth his hands and hisseth him
out of his place.

JOB

HOW thou hast helped the afflicted and brought strength to the weak in his hour !
How thou hast strengthened the feeble, and the arm that was failing in power !
How thou hast counselled the soul of the one bewildered and blind,
And plenteous knowledge hast scattered, sound Truth, wholesome food for the mind !
Whence hast thou this wisdom supernal, these truths never uttered before ?
What spirit has spoken in thee, who has taught thee this heavenly lore ?
I swear by the life of my God, by the God that hath darkened my light,
By the God that embittered my soul, I am perfect and pure in His sight.
God forbid that I utter deceit, God forbid I acknowledge your lie,
I will hold my innocence fast, my integrity keep till I die ;
I will hold my righteousness fast, my contention I will not let go,
I remember my life, I acknowledge my ways—and I know.

O for the days of the past, for the days when my Maker was nigh,
When His lamp shone over my head and I walked in the darkness thereby,
When I was in the strength of my days, when He hedged me about and when He
Was still my companion and friend, and the children He gave were with me,
And the rocks poured forth rivers of oil and my paths bubbled milk at my feet,
When I entered the gates of the city and made ready my seat in the street,
When the young men beheld me and hid them, and the old men beheld me and stood,
And the princes broke off their discussion and waited to hear what I would,
And the voice of the nobles was hushed, and the multitude gave me their ear,
They waited and watched for my counsel, they gaped, yea they hungered to hear.
And as clouds loose the clods in the autumn I spoke and they heard till again,
My words fell like showers in springtime when the seeds are made quick by the rain.

I laughed and their faces were lightened, I frowned and their gladness was hid,
I advised, I warned, I admonished, and anon I comforted.
I sat as a chief in their counsels, they were moved by the words that I said,
I chose out the way they should follow, as a King with his army I led,
And when the eye saw me it brightened, and when the ear heard me it blessed,
Because I delivered the poor and the fatherless one and distressed.
And I was the strength of the helpless and the hope of the perishing,
And I caused the orphan to laugh and the heart of the widow to sing ;
And Righteousness was my robe, and Justice my diadem,
And eyes was I to the blind, and feet was I to the lame,
Father was I to the needy, the stranger's cause I sought out,
I saw and I understood, I willed and I brought it about.
Yea I was the help of the helpless, the meek I delivered from death,
But I brake the jaws of the wicked and I plucked the prey from his teeth.

Then I said I shall die in my nest, multiply my days as the sand,
For my root is spread out in the waters and my bow is renewed in my hand.

But now they that are younger than I hold me in derision and mock,
Whose fathers I counted as dogs, yea less than the dogs of my flock ;
And now I, even I, am their song, their butt and their byword am I,
They stand aloof and abhor me and spit as they pass me by.
They loosen their girdles and smite me, they cast off restraint in the street,
The rabble ariseth against me and thrusts me aside with its feet.
They break up my pathway before me, they hamper my steps as I go,
They cast my calamity at me, they taunt me and jeer at my woe ;
As through a wide breach they come on me, like an army they compass me round,
Helpless am I in their presence, I stumble, I fall to the ground.

New terrors are turned upon me, they beset me before
and behind,
My welfare is chased as a cloud, my happiness passed
as the wind.
My soul is poured out within me, affliction has seized
and possessed,
My bones are corroded and crumble and my gnawers
give me no rest.
Yea the worms devour my body, I am eaten without
and within,
I am swollen with many waters and my garments cleave
to my skin.
I am as ashes and dust, Thou hast cast me into the mire,
I cry and Thou answerest not, Thou tormentest and
dost not tire.
Thou art turned to be cruel to me, I tremble and cry
unto Thee,
I cry and Thou answerest not, Thou standest and
mockest at me.
Thou liftest me up with the wind, I am borne, I am
whirled around,
I ride on the storm and the whirlwind and anon I am
dashed to the ground.
I know Thou wilt bring me to death, to the place
appointed for all,

And Thou driv'st to despair and destruction and I stretch out my hands as I fall.

Have I not wept with the wretched and strengthened the sorrowful one ?
And I looked for good and came evil, I waited for light and came none.
Yea the days of affliction are on me, I am racked from my head to my feet,
And my bowels are boiling within me, and my bones are burned with my heat.
I am blackened but not with the sunshine, I am rotten and black with decay,
My skin is burned as with fire, it is blistered and falleth away.
I howl like a wolf in his hunger, like a she-wolf bereaved I cry,
Like a fawn in the midst of the hunters, like a beast that is tortured am I ;
And my voice is hoarse with my crying, I roar like a Lebanon bear,
And my piping is turned to lamenting and my voice is tuned to despair.

Behold I am guiltless of all, not a step from the way have I strayed,

A covenant I made with mine eyes that I would not look on a maid.
Is not this the portion from God, hath He not decreed from on high
That misfortune is measured for guilt and the soul that sinneth shall die ?
And hath He not seen all my thoughts, and hath He not followed my ways,
And hath He not numbered my steps and taken the toll of my days ?

If my foot hath made haste to deceit, if the byways of falsehood I trod,
He knoweth the way that I went, I am weighed in the balance of God.
If my heart hath walked after mine eyes, if greed hath guided my feet,
If aught hath cleaved to my hands, may I sow and another man eat.
If my heart were enticed by a woman, if I played the adulterer
May mine own wife grind for another, and a bondman be lord over her.
For that were a damnable crime, let the judges account it the worst,

'Tis a flame burning down to Abaddon, consuming, devouring, accurst.

If I did despite to the cause of my servant, my man or my maid,
When they have contended with me, then might my soul be afraid.
For was I not of his flesh, am I not even as he,
And how should I answer my God when He contendeth with me ?
Yea how should I answer my Maker, how reply to the Judge of the earth,
My Creator and Lord of my life, and my friend and my guide from my birth ?

If I have withheld from the poor, or eaten my morsel alone,
If I slighted the cause of the widow or defrauded the fatherless one,
If I saw one perish unclothed, nor pitied nor healed his distress,
If he were not warmed with my fleece and I clad not his nakedness,
If I lifted my hand 'gainst the harmless because I was stronger than he,

May my right arm fall from my shoulder and mine arm
bone broken be.

If I said to my gold : " My Redeemer," if I set my
heart on my gold,
If I put my trust in my cattle, and my hope in the beasts
of my fold—
Nay I knew that calamity hangs over all, I had seen and
I knew
That wealth cometh down like the rain and passeth
away like the dew.

If the earth hath witnessed against me that I have dis-
honoured her soil,
And eaten her fruits without tillage and taken her
strength without toil ;
If I got my possessions with greed, if I snatched them
with violent hand,
If I bought with the blood of another and his blood
crieth up from the land ;
If with my sword I have digged it, if with my spear I
have plowed,
And watered its furrows with carnage and the red
blood crieth aloud ;
Let the wheat be upturned and uprooted, let cockles
grow for the corn,

Let the surface be scorched and be salted and the plowed lands be planted with thorn ;
Let the harvests be briars and brambles, let the thistle-down scatter its seeds,
Let the furrows be choked up with nettles and the fallows with poisonous weeds ;
May my wealth be all blighted and blackened, and my hope with disaster be crowned,
May the earth refuse me her increase and my labour be cursed from the ground.

If I looked on the Sun in his splendour, when he rode as a Monarch on high,
And the moon when she walked in her brightness, as the queen of the hosts of the sky,
If I gazed and my heart played the harlot, if my flesh were enticed ere I wist,
If I lifted my hands to my lips and my mouth my fingers hath kissed,
That were a sin for the Judges, then were my soul undone,
For I had been false to my Maker, I had lied to the Holy One.

If I have rejoiced when destruction came down on the head of my foe,

When he that had hated me most met with sudden
disaster and woe,
If I laughed when iniquity found him, when his sin
laid his head in the dust,
If with my staff I have galled him, if with my foot I
have thrust—
But I rolled not revenge in my palate, I refused to
remember my wrong,
Nor harrowed his heart with reproaches, nor poisoned
his soul with my tongue,
Yea I chewed not the cud of resentment, nor would I
his mischief rehearse,
But I kept my mouth with a bridle nor demanded his
life with a curse.

Ask the men who dwelt in my tents if a traveller passed
me unfed,
If a stranger hath slept in the streets or a wayfaring
man hath lacked bread,
If after the manner of many I covered the thing that I
did,
If I sheltered my sin in my bosom, or have mine
iniquity hid,
If I have kept silence at evil, if I have shrunk from the
hate

Of the multitude blind in its fury, or feared the contempt of the great.

O that a Judge would arise, a Judge to answer my plea,
One that would judge without favour and one to give ear unto me !
For here is my cause before God, and here is my hand upon it,
And where is the claimant's indictment, and where is the enemy's writ ?
Let him number the steps that I took, let him number them, set them down,
I would carry his scroll on my shoulder, I would bind it to me as a crown.
I fear no indictments of men, I fear not the charges they bring,
For I stand unsullied 'fore God, I stand as a Prince with his King.

Though the whirlwinds seize me and dash me, though the peals of His thunder roll,
Though my body be bruised and corrupted, distressed and bewildered my soul,
When the grave hath opened her jaws, when I go to the House of the Dead,

When the clods encircle my body and the rocks are
over my head,
Guiltless was I, without blame, and straight was the
path that I trod,
Guiltless am I, O my friends : not guilty, not guilty,
my God !

GOD'S CHALLENGE TO JOB

WHO is he that darkeneth counsel with words that ignorant be !
Now gird up thy loins like a man and hearken, reply unto Me.
Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of earth ? Answer, O Man !
Who determined the measures thereof ? Declare if thou can !
When the plumb line sank in the abyss, when I stretched the line over space,
When I delved for the sockets of earth, when I sank the pillars in place,
Who laid the corner stone of the earth, while the hosts of the sky,
Yea the Morning Stars, sang together and the Sons of God shouted for joy ?
Who shut up the sea within doors when, like to a babe at the birth,
It burst full-born from the depth and broke from the womb of the earth,
When naked it came to the light and I cradled it in the land,
And I spun the mist for its vesture and the cloud for a swaddling band,

When I broke the coast for its doorways, when I barred
its advances and said :
Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here
shall thy proud waves be stayed ?

Hast thou awakened the morning, and hast thou com-
manded the day
To uproll the covering darkness, when the wicked ones
scurry away ?
And the earth is revealed as the clay that is changed at
the seal's impress,
And stands forth in her verdure arrayed, as a bride in
her pearl-sprinkled dress :
And I take from the wicked their day, I take them their
day that is night,
And I break at the shoulder blade the arm that was
ready to smite !

Hast thou entered the springs of the sea and walked its
recesses beneath ?
Hast thou gazed on the gates of the grave, and looked
on the keepers of Death ?
Hast thou measured the breadth of the earth ? declare
if thou knowest it then,
Where is the dwelling of Light, and where hath Dark-
ness her den ?

Canst thou track out the footsteps of Light and discover the Dark in her ways ?
Thou must know it, for thou wast then born and great is thy number of days !
Hast thou entered the houses of hail, hast thou looked on the treasures of snow,
Which I pile for my battles and wars, for the times of affliction and woe ?
Hast thou cleft a way for the waters, in the brass of the heavens broke
A lane for the leaping lightning, and a path for the thunder-stroke ?
Hast thou caused it to rain on the desert, on the land where no man is,
That the tender grass may spring for food in the wilderness ?

Who hath begotten the dew and the mist to cover the earth ?
Whose womb hath conceived the ice and hath given the hoar frost birth ?
Didst thou lift thy rod on the rivers, smite the torrents as they leap
When the waters are turned to stone and hidden is the Deep ?

Hast thou commanded the Lights ? Was it thou that ordered their way,
To rule the night by the moonbeams, by the sun to measure the day ?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the welkin, that abundance of waters may fall ?
Are the lightnings the slaves of thy bidding, doth the thunderbolt answer thy call ?
Didst thou lend to the storm-cloud its wisdom ? Hast appointed the meteor its track ?
Didst thou spread the heavens with darkness, give speed to the wild cloud wrack ?
Canst thou tilt the bottles of heaven, canst thou spill the waters out,
When the dust cleaves fast together, and the clods are loosed from drought ?

Didst thou loosen the bands of Orion, didst thou hammer the giant's chain ?
Canst thou lead the Hyades forth and guide the Bear with her train ?
Is it thine to loosen and bind, to imprison the hosts as with bars,
To unleash the hounds of the heavens, or link the clustering stars ?

Wilt thou beat up the she-lion's prey or wilt thou her lion cubs sate,
When she croucheth her down in the covert, and around her the whelps lie in wait ?
When the old lion roars for his prey, who provideth at evening his food,
When he wanders for lack of his meat and the young lions cry out to God ?
Knowest thou the way of the wooing of the goats that leap on the fell ?
Canst thou mark when the hinds do calve or number the months that they tell ?
Know'st the day that they bring forth their young, what time, with their labouring wrung,
They are bowed, they cast out their travail, and in strength they bring forth their young ?
Their calves are well-favoured and comely, they sport on the wide-stretching plain,
They increase and grow up on the greensward, go forth and return not again.

Hast thou sent out the wild ass free, whose house is the wilderness ?
Hast thou loosed his bands on the bleak salt lands where is his dwelling place ?

He scorneth the tumult of cities, nor heedeth the task-master's shout,
In the range of the mountains, his pasture, he searcheth his herbage out.
Will the wild ox be willing to serve thee, will he by the crib abide ?
Canst thou bind the wild ox in the furrow, will he harrow the vale by thy side ?
Wilt thou leave to the bison thy labour, wilt thou trust his magnificent power,
Wilt thou trust him to lead home thy harvest, or beat out thy corn on the floor ?

Hast thou given the war-horse his might, clothed his neck with the quivering mane ?
Hast thou made him to leap as the locust, or to rage at the grip of the rein ?
He paweth the valley rejoicing, he meeteth the harnessed men,
He mocketh at fear undismayed nor turns from the battle again.
He swalloweth the ground in his fierceness, nor heedeth the trumpet's din,
The quiver that rattleth upon him, and the flash of the javelin.

As oft as the battle soundeth he sayeth, " Aha ! for the war,
For the thunder of Captains and shoutings." Yea, he smelleth the battle afar.

Doth the wild hawk soar by thy wisdom, is he taught by the word of thy mouth
To stretch out his wings 'gainst the South wind, to set his face to the South ?
Doth the wing of the ostrich upbear her, doth she mount like the hawk to the cloud,
Doth she comfort her young with her feathers, like the eagle suckle her brood ?
She layeth her eggs on the sand-heap, her seed in the desert is sown,
Nor cares that the footfall may crush them or the wild beast trample them down.
She hardens herself 'gainst her young ones, she leaveth her offspring forlorn,
Unloving, unnatural she leaves them, nor mourns if her babes are unborn,
For she hath forgotten her wisdom, yet her children come forth in their day
To sweep down the wind on their pinions, yea swifter than horsemen are they.

Doth the eagle mount up at thy bidding to fashion her
nest on high
On the mountain side, where the snow clouds ride and
the ancient snow wreaths lie ?
She seeketh the peaks of the mountains, the rocks that
are lonely and bare,
She maketh the crags her dwelling and setteth her
stronghold there.
From her tower she spies out her prey, her eyes behold
it afar
On the battle plain, where the kings lie slain, yea
where the dead men are.
She speeds, with her reeking provision, home to her
clamouring brood,
And she rends the flesh of the heroes and her young
ones suck the blood.

These are my works, my creatures all, how are they
known to thee ?
And who art thou that cavillest and wilt contend with
me ?

JOB

Behold I am of small account, a creature of Thine hand,
I lay mine hand upon my mouth, I cannot understand.

GOD'S CHALLENGE TO JOB

Thick darkness covered all the land, a whirlwind swept the plain,
Job bowed him low before the blast, Jehovah spoke again.

GOD

Gird up thy loins now like a man, while I demand of thee
The charge thou hast against thy God, declare it unto Me.
Wilt thou My judgment disannul and set My will aside?
Wilt thou condemn My righteousness, that thou be justified?
Hast thou an arm like God to guard His creatures great and small?
Canst thunder with a voice like His to guide and govern all?
Now decked in all thine excellence, in majesty arrayed,
In dignity, reply to Me, My equal, unafraid.
Pour forth thine overflowing wrath, lift up and cry aloud,
Bring down the high and lofty one, the arrogant and proud;
Yea bind the Mighty, bind Him fast, and lay Him in the dust,
That He confess thy mastery and own thy cause is just.

GOD'S CHALLENGE TO JOB

Job

I answer Thee no more, I cannot answer Thee ;
I spoke, I speak no more, demand it not of me.
All things are in Thy hands, all purposes are Thine,
Thine is the perfect Light, the earthly darkness mine.
I spoke in ignorance, I erred, I know it now,
I am as other men, I am not wise as Thou.
I knew Thee as men know, I heard with human ear
Nor understood, but now I hear, I see, I fear ;
I hide within the dust, my ignorance abase,
I know I cannot know, I know, I hide my face.
Mine error I admit, my foolishness confess,
I bow before Thy feet, forgive my foolishness.

God to the Friends

Against you am I wrath, O ye friends, for that ye have not spoken of Me
The thing that is right as hath Job, and therefore I bid you that ye
Bring me seven bullocks and rams ; go to Job, My servant shall plead
For all your folly and sin ; I will hearken if he intercede,
And I will answer his prayers for 'tis he that is pure in My sight.

Yea the heart of My servant is pure, he hath spoken the thing that is right.
And he shall be cleansed from his shame and he shall arise from the dust,
He shall see of his sorrows and know that the ways of his Maker are just.

PART III. THE EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

THE Lord renewed Job's fortunes when he asked
Forgiveness for his friends. And He gave back
To Job all he had lost, and that twofold.

And all who served his former happy days,
His brethren, sisters and acquaintance, came
To taste his cheer anew within his house,
Now that his earlier fortune was restored.
And each man gave a mark of his good will,
A little piece of bronze, a ring of gold,
Sufficient tokens of his sympathy.

And so Jehovah blessed the latter end
Of Job more than He blessed his former state ;
He gave him double for his flocks and herds
And gave again seven sons and daughters three.

And his fond fancy found a name for each ;
The first he called Jemimah, " Little Dove,"
That nestled in his bosom nor took flight ;
The next Keziah, " Fragrant Bark," who gave
Delight to all she met. The youngest was
Kerén-Happuch, " Horn of Antímony,"
Her eyes so bright, they brightened every eye.

EPILOGUE

In all the land no women were so fair,
And kind as fair and very dear to Job ;
He gave to each the portion of a son.

So Job lived on for seven score years, and all
His troubles were the trouble of a day ;
He saw his sons and children of his sons,
Their children after them—and so Job lived.
And died at last being old and full of days.

Though days and nights like mice consumed his years,
And worms his mortal flesh, yet what he asked
Was all fulfilled. With his own eyes he saw
His great Reward, his Advocate and God.

PART IV.

WISDOM

ELIHU

BEHEMOTH AND LEVIATHAN

WISDOM

WHERE hath Wisdom her dwelling and where Understanding her home ?
Yea whence shall Wisdom be found, Understanding whence doth she come ?
For a source there is for the silver and the gold which the goldsmiths refine,
And the copper is smelted from stone, and the iron is dug from the mine,
Man seeketh the things that are hidden, he breaketh a shaft through the ground,
He beareth his lamps through the darkness and searcheth its uttermost bound,
Afar from the dwellings of men he hangs where the foot cannot tread,
In the gloom of the shadow of death, unobserved he swings from a thread.
Out of the earth cometh bread and her fields they are sweet to behold,
But below she is plowed by the fire and her harvest is silver and gold,
Where no beast hath trod in his pride, where no ravening lion hath been,
In the land unobserved by the vulture, by the eye of the falcon unseen.

Man setteth his hands on the rocks, through flint rocks
he maketh the road,
The Hills he o'erturns by the roots, and he scatters
their secrets abroad.
He bindeth the trickling streams, the weeping waters
are sealed,
And all that is precious he seeth, and all that is hid is
revealed.
Yea earth yieldeth her secrets to man and he rifles her
innermost hoard,
But who knoweth where wisdom is hidden and where
understanding is stored ?
It cannot be purchased for silver nor can gold be paid
out for its price,
Not the mines, yea the gold mines of Ophir, nor the
pearls of the ocean suffice ;
Pile the wealth of the earth in the balance, all the weight
of the iron and brass,
All the splendour of coral and crystal, all the glory of
gold and of glass,
All the gold well refined set with jewels, and pearls and
rubies withal,
All the gems of the earth and the sea and wisdom out-
balances all.

But who shall track out understanding, who the pathway to wisdom declare ?
It is hid from the eyes of all living, yea kept from the birds of the air.
The Deep says it is not in me, not in me wail the waters above,
Abaddon and Sheol they mutter, we have heard but the rumour thereof.
But God understandeth the way and God is acquaint with the place,
For He looks to the end of the earth, and He seeth the secrets of space,
He weigheth the wind in the balance, and the thunder abides His decrees,
He appointeth the times of the rain, and by measure hath meted the seas,
All hath He searched and hath seen, all the might and the measure hath told,
Yea all hath He fashioned and framed, established, created of old.
And He saith to the children of men : " This is your wisdom, obey !
The fear of your God this is wisdom, understanding to walk in His way."

ELIHU

Elihu Introduced.

NOW these three men had ceased to answer Job,
Because he still maintained his righteousness ;
And so was kindled young Elihu's wrath.
Elihu, son of Barachel, a youth
Surnamed the Buzite, though of high estate.
(Now Buzite means " He is contemptible ")
'Gainst Job his wrath was kindled, for that Job
Had justified himself and not his God.
Against the friends of Job, the luckless three,
His wrath was kindled also, for he saw
They found no argument to answer Job.
Elihu waited as a modest youth
Should wait before the elder men, and yet
Impatiently, for he would speak to Job,
And when he saw the angry elders dumb
His wrath was kindled, so it came about
The son of Barachel, the Buzite spoke :
I am young, ye are old, very old, and so I, in the fear
of my youth,
Have held myself back and refrained, for I durst not
shew you the Truth.
For, I said " It is days that should speak, and years,
many years that should teach,"

Yet the lips of a youth may be used, and a spirit may
breathe in his speech.
'Tis not always the learned that are wise, nor the aged
that are quick to reply,
And these reverend men are distraught, and 'tis youth
that must speak, even I.
For your words I have waited and watched, I have
stood while ye sought what to say,
But who hath prevailed against Job, to convict him or
answer him nay ?
Beware lest ye say, we have found that 'tis God Who
must answer, not we,
For now I will reckon with Job, and he shall be an-
swered by me.
My bosom is boiling with words, my spirit is swelling
within,
And my thoughts ferment in my belly, as a wine that
stretcheth the skin,
Yet my heart overfloweth with words, I am sure of the
things that I say,
Answer thou me, if thou canst, stand thou forth, set
thy war in array.
Say not unto me, " Hold thy hand, lest thy terror should
make me afraid,"

For I also am fashioned of clay, by the Spirit of God
am I made.
I have heard the voice of thy words : " I am clean "
sayest thou in thy pride,
" An innocent man, without guile, and my feet have
turned not aside ;
But He seeketh occasion against me, makes pretexts,
sets me up as His foe ;
He putteth my feet in the stocks, and marketh the way
that I go.
Yet He hath no account against me, and He heareth me
not when I cry,
And how shall I stand against God, for His creature,
His bondsman am I."

Unsought, unseen of man, God speaks and speaks again.
In visions of the night, when deep sleep falls on men.
In slumb'rings on their beds He openeth their eyes,
He subjugates their pride, He warns and terrifies.
So from the Nether Pit He keepeth back man's soul,
And stays the life of man descending to Sheol.
Again God chasteneth with pain upon the bed,
Man's soul abhorreth meat, his life abhorreth bread.
His flesh consumes away, the hidden bones appear,
The Pit awaits his soul, Death's Angel draweth near.

Then comes the Sent of God, one of the Thousand told
To shew God's ways to man, and all man's sin unfold.
And He, that Holy One, that gracious Angel, saith
" O save him from the Pit, deliver him from death.
A Ransom have I found and he his flesh renew'th
And once more shall he have the gladness of his youth."
He prayeth in God's House, he finds his joys again,
His righteousness returns, he singeth unto men ;
And singing ever says : " My sin was great and He
My errors manifold requited not to me.
He hath redeemed my soul from the eternal night,
And henceforth all my life shall look upon the light."
And thus doth God maintain with man His ceaseless strife,
That man be saved from death and see the Light of Life.
Mark well, O Job, I say, the truths I teach to thee,
Yea, my desire is to justify thy plea.
And answer as thou wilt, the while thy soul relies
On me who shew to thee the Wisdom of the Wise.

Elihu said again : " Ye wise, I pray that ye
As understanding men will hearken unto me.
I turn to you, ye wise, unto my words give heed ;
Give ear, I say, to me ye who are wise indeed.
Doth not the ear test words, the palate taste the food ?

So may we choose the right, so may we know the good,
For Job hath said : ' Behold, a righteous man am I
And God hath stole my right, and charged me with a lie.
Against my very soul His arrows hath He sent,
I perish of His wounds, and I am innocent.'
Now, who is like to Job ? A thirst for scorn has he,
He sucks his wickedness and drinks iniquity.
He saith it profits not to seek the ways of God,
Wherefore ye wise give heed, ye who His ways have trod !
It cannot be that God would do such wickedness ;
He giveth unto each as his deserving is.
God payeth every man, exactly payeth He
As is the path of each, so shall the issue be.
For is not God the Lord, and His Almighty Will
Makes all His judgments just and proves Him righteous still.
And if He call man's soul to leave the primal dust
And gathereth his breath, lo, God abideth just.
If Job could understand, if Job would ponder this
God governs all and thus He rules in Righteousness.
Wilt thou arraign His Right, wilt thou condemn the strong ?
How can th' Almighty err, the Lord of all do wrong ?
He saith to Kings ' ye vile,' to nobles ' villians ye ' ;

Of Judges and of Kings, the King and Judge is He.
For God hath no respect of creatures great or small,
And who may challenge Him, since He is Lord of all ?
At midnight comes the call and in a moment they
Are seized by hands unseen, and shook and ta'en away.
God's eyes are on the ways and deeds of every man,
He telleth all his days, and measureth his span.
There is no night for God nor any inmost gloom
Where evil men may hide, the vile escape their doom ;
There are no times for God, nor any why or when,
He judgeth when He will, and breaketh mighty men.
He knoweth all their works and breaks them in a night,
He breaks them as He will, and smites them in men's sight,
Because they turned aside, because they went astray,
And would not follow Him, nor keep His perfect way.
Th' afflicted cry to God, the poor invoke His Name,
And if He hides His face, they bow and none may blame :
Nathless He watches all, He watcheth everywhere
Lest men or nations seek the peoples to ensnare.

When hast thou said to God, ' I will no more transgress,
Lo, I have borne my sin ; teach me Thy Righteousness ' ?

Nay, thou dost still refuse thy offered recompense
And thou wouldst make the choice and not Omnipotence.
But, now, speak what thou may'st, when we have heard thy plea
All understanding men will judge and say with me :
' Job speaks in ignorance, he is in no way wise,
His troubles must endure for that he follows lies.
He claps his hands in scorn and endless words he spins
And feareth not to add rebellion to his sins.' "

Elihu spoke again : " And dost thou instance this,
By this, say'st thou, to God : ' Behold my Righteousness ! '
' Tell me,' thou say'st, ' if I withhold myself from sin
Where my advantage is, what profit do I win ? '
Now I will answer thee, and hearken all ye wise,
Look up, thou haughty man, art higher than the skies ?
Is God the worse, if thou the paths of sin have trod
Thou canst not injure Him, thou art the worse, not God.
Thy wickedness may hurt another son of man,
Thy righteousness may serve another of thy clan.

By many ills ground down men raise their plaintive cry,
Because the strong oppress, they lift their voice on high ;

But never one denies the ways of God are right ;
And so He giveth them their songs e'en in the night.
Thou say'st ' Call on the beasts ! ' Men are than beasts more wise,
Thou say'st ' Call on the birds ! ' More high than birds they rise ;
These too are smit and bruised by pride of evil men,
And in their pain they cry He answereth not again.
They vainly cry aloud, they cannot understand,
Therefore He answereth not, nor stretcheth forth His Hand.
And shall He answer thee, who flout'st Him to His Face ?
Keep silence 'fore thy God, and He shall judge thy case.
Or dost thou think that He, still patient doth abide
And taketh no account of thy rebellious pride.
Job opens wide his mouth, perverse and proud is he,
He multiplieth words and all are vanity."

Elihu still went on ; he said to Job, " Wait thou,
There are yet words for God, and I will speak them now.
Hark thou, for I will fetch my knowledge from afar,
And I will shew how right my Maker's judgments are.
I bid thee hearken, Job, give ear, it is my due,
I have considered well, and all I say is true.
I know that God is Great, He ruleth over all,

And in His wisdom He embraceth great and small.
And He will not preserve the life of wicked men,
And to th' afflicted ones, He gives their right again.
And He would not withdraw from righteous men their own ;
'Tis He who setteth up the kings upon the throne ;
And if so be they fail and are in dungeons hid,
He sheweth them their work, and all the wrong they did.
He openeth their ears that they may hear and be
Instructed in the Truth, and leave Iniquity,
And if they hear His Voice and mend their evil ways
Their years are prosperous, and pleasant are their days ;
But if they hearken not, they perish by the sword,
They die in ignorance, they have not known the Lord.
But godless sullen men, who, being bound, defy
Their God in stubbornness, by their defiance die.
They perish of their sins, they sin against the Truth,
They sin like Sodomites and perish in their youth.
But to th' afflicted ones, afflictions healing bring
And so the sufferer is saved by suffering.
And He allureth thee from out of thy distress
Into the pleasant land where is no narrowness :
And there thy tents again in peace shall be far spread,
Thy vats be full of wine, thy table piled with bread.

But Freedom unconstrained had let thy liberty,
And thy full table had struck dumb the mouth of thee.
And thou with wicked men hadst walked and cast thy lot,
Now Judgment falls on thee and Justice spares thee not.
Though God is wrath with thee, all is in mercy sent ;
Let not thy ransom fail, accept thy chastisement.
He hears thy cry and sends distress to answer it,
Shall He send all in vain, and wilt thou not submit ?
O cease to challenge God, lest Folly thee beguile
To walk with evil men and perish with the vile.
Beware Iniquity, and shun the evil thing,
For Guilt is more than Shame, and Sin than Suffering.

Now who is a Teacher like God, and who shall compare with the strong,
Who hath enjoined Him His way and who may charge Him with wrong ?
Remember thou magnify God, the Maker of all things that are,
And deny not the wisdom of God, although thou behold'st it afar ;
He is great beyond knowledge of man, before all the ages is He ;

And He worketh His will on the deep, and He draweth
His drops from the sea,
And He sendeth His wealth from the hills, enriching
the children of men,
And His Lightnings spring out of the clouds, and His
Thunderings echo again ;
And He casteth His cloudbelt around and covereth the
heights of the hills,
Thus He ruleth and judgeth mankind, and the mouth
of the hungry He fills.
And He sendeth His arrows afar and with Lightning
He covers His Hands
And the Thunderbolt falls at His will and the Levin
obeys His commands.
Yea, His Thundering telleth of God, when He kindleth
His wrath against sin,
And my heart is moved out of its place and I tremble
without and within,
For the noise of His wheels is the Thunder and the
billowy cloud is His path,
And His spear is the flash of the Lightning, and the
wicked are judged in His wrath.
When the thunder-cloud covers the skies and the
lightnings the skirts of the sea

And hark to the breaking and crashing, 'tis the voice of thy Maker, lo, He
Thunders and thunders again, while amid all the roll and the crash
On-rushing to smite as He will, the shafts of His lightnings flash.

Great things doeth God unto men, and who may His ways understand,
How He saith to the snow, ' be ye loosed ' ; to the showers, ' go water the land,'
Yea, go in your might and prevail, shut the doors of the dwellings of men,
While the beasts hide themselves in the covert, and the wild beast lays him down in his den.
And speak to the men I have made that they labour no more nor go forth,
All creation shall tremble and know that God is the Lord of the Earth.
When the wind cometh out of her house and the cold whistles down on the weald,
And He breathes and the raindrops are frozen and the breadth of the waters is sealed,
When His clouds carry treasures of hail and His darts are scattered and hurled,

And He turneth them round by His word, that they work out His Will on the world.
And whether for mercy or judgment and whether for weal or for woe,
The rain and the hail and the thunder fulfil His Commands as they go.

Job, I bid thee stand still and consider, consider the wonders of God,
How He ruleth the earth and the Heaven and sendeth His terrors abroad.
From the womb of the blackening cloud He bringeth the lightning to birth,
And the deluge distils in the thunder and its waters pour down on the earth.
Canst thou know the counsels of God, that balance the cloud-belts on high ;
Canst thou measure the power of God, Who worketh His Will in the sky ?
Canst thou tell why the earth lieth still when a breath bloweth up from the South,
And thy garments are warm on thy flesh, and thy tongue is dried up in thy mouth ?
Behold the vault of the heavens, how the molten mirror expands ;

The Firmament stronger than iron, is that the work of thy hands ?

And how shall we speak unto Him, and how shall we answer Him then,
Yea, how shall we order our speech, we blinded children of men ?
Who are we to cavil at Him, and when He hath spoken His Word
Who are we to mutter dissent and say that our Maker hath erred ?
The Earth is wrapped round with the clouds, and the vision is hid from our sight,
Should it be that a wind cleave the cloud, we are dazzled — and blinded with light.

In the splendour and gold of the North, dwelleth God occult and unknown,
Dwelleth God in His dwelling of Light, aloft on His terrible Throne.
The Almighty abideth unseen, yet we know He excelleth in might,
But He layeth no hand on His justice, and His plenteous judgments are right.

And 'tis, therefore, that men fear their God, and the humble find grace in His Eyes,
But He hath no regard for the proud, for the man that accounts himself wise.

I. BEHEMOTH

BEHOLD, now, Behemoth whom I have made ;
He eateth grass like kine, and yet what strength
Is in his loins and in his mighty frame.
His trunk he moveth like a cedar bough,
His thighs are knotted sinews, and his bones
Are tubes of brass, his legs are iron bars,
He is the chief of all the works of God.
The forests of the mountains yield him food,
Where all unharmed the other beasts do play.
He lies beneath the thorny lotus tree,
Or seeks the coverts of papyrus reeds.
The lotus offers him a scanty shade,
The willows of the brook an ample cloke ;
He trembles not though rivers overflow,
Not though the rushing stream swell to his mouth.
Shall any hunter face his curious eye,
Or pierce his watchful nostrils with a hook ?

II. LEVIATHAN

CANST with a fish-hook draw Leviathan ?
Or cast a cord about his scaly neck ?
Or canst thou bind his muzzle with a rope ?
Or fix a hook within his tongueless jaw ?
And will he make a prayer unto thee ?
Or seek to cozen thee with gentle words ?
Or make a covenant with thee—to be
Thy bondslave in thy house for evermore ?
And wilt thou play with him as with a bird ?
Or cage him as a plaything for thy girls ?
Or shall the fishermen dispose of him,
And quarter him among the Canaanites ?

Say, canst thou fill his skin with iron barbs,
Or mask his massive front with fishing spears ?
And wilt thou lay thine hand on him ? Beware,
Remembering former battles—stay thine hand.
Behold thou hop'st in vain to master him.
His mighty bulk shall cheat each greedy eye,
Yea, who so fierce as dare to stir his wrath ?
" Who then is he," he says with lazy scorn,
" Will wait my coming and will stand 'fore me ?
Who hath confronted me and prospered ? Seek
Throughout the earth, thou findest no such one."

II. LEVIATHAN

Man, boast no more of valiant exploits wrought
And of thy rich equipment boast no more.
For who shall strip away this martial coat ?
And who shall pierce this mail of double ply ?
And who shall force the portal of his face
And look upon the terror of his teeth ?
His scales are set along his mighty back
Like channeled, hammered shields that are so locked
No air can pass, nor weapon sunder them ;
His neesings flash forth light, his eyelids gleam
Atop the water like the glance of dawn,
And burning torches issue from his mouth
And sparks leap forth from out his angry eyes
And from his nostrils comes a belching smoke
As from a seething pot or fire of broom.
His breath is all ablaze and kindleth coals
And from his mouth proceeds a searching flame.
His neck a castle is, a House of Strength,
His welded flakes of flesh unmoveable.
Where'er he goes his terrors go before.
His awful heart is hard as any stone,
And beats remorseless as the millstones roll :
He lifts his head, the mighty are afraid
And break and scatter like a beaten wave.
The searching sword against him nought avails,

Nor spear nor dagger, nor the far flung bolt.
The iron weapon is a whip of straw,
And molten brass no more than rotten wood.
The slinger's stone to him as stubble is.
He laughs outright at whirring javelins,
And knotted clubs are broken like a reed.

Beneath his belly scales as sharp as shards
Tear up the mudflats like a threshing wain :
He plungeth in the deep, it swirls and boils,
His whirlpool bubbleth like an angry pot,
An odour as of ointment taints the air,
He cleaves the sea and leaves a shining path,
Whose spray doth glitter like a hoary frost.
Upon the earth thou findest not his like,
Sans Peer, sans Fear, he looks with scorn on all.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

Chapter	Page	Chapter	Page
I.	43-46.	XXII.	103-105.
II.	46-48.	XXIII.	106-108.
III.	51-53.	XXIV. 1.	107 ll. 6, 7.
IV.	54-56.	XXIV. 2-17.	108 ll. 12 ff.
V.	56-58.	XXIV. 18-21.	114 ll. 11 ff.
VI.	59-61.	XXIV. 22-23.	110 ll. 11 ff.
VII.	62-64.	XXIV. 24.	115 l. 5.
VIII.	65-67.	XXIV. 25.	111 ll. 2, 3.
IX.	68-71.	XXV. 1-3.	112 ll. 1, 2.
X.	71-74.	XXV. 4-6.	113 ll. 6-9.
XI.	75-76.	XXVI. 1-4.	117 ll. 1-6.
XII.	77-78.	XXVI. 5-14.	112 ll. 3 ff.
XIII.	78-80.	XXVII. 1-6.	117 ll. 7 ff.
XIV.	80-81.	XXVII. 7-15.	114 ll. 1-10.
XIV. 4.	113 l. 6.	[XXVII. 11, 12.	see p. 12 ll. 24 ff.]
XV.	82-83.		
XVI.	84-86.	XXVII. 16-23.	115 ll. 8 ff.
XVII.	86-87.	XXVIII.	147.
XVIII.	88-90.	XXIX.	118.
XIX.	91-93.	XXX. 1.	120 ll. 3. 4.
XX.	94-97.	XXX. 2-8.	107 ll. 8 ff.
XXI.	98-102.	XXX. 9-31.	120 ll. 5 ff.

APPENDIX I

Chapter	Page
XXXI. 1-15.	122 ll. 12 ff.
XXXI. 16-17.	124 ll. 8-9.
XXXI. 18.	124 l. 7.
XXXI. 19-22.	124 ll. 10 ff.
XXXI. 23.	125 ll. 4, 5.
XXXI. 24, 25.	125 ll. 2, 3.
XXXI. 26-37.	126 ll. 6 ff.
XXXI. 38-40.	125 l. 6 ff.
XXXII.	150.
XXXIII.	151.
XXXIV.	153.
XXXV.	156.
XXXVI.	157.
XXXVII.	160 ll. 9 ff.
XXXVIII.	130.
XXXIX.	134 ll. 5 ff.
XL. 1-14.	137 ll. 9 ff.
XL. 15-24.	165.
XLI.	166.
XLII. 1-6.	139.
XLII. 7-9.	139 ll. 13 ff.
XLII. 10-17.	143.
Septuagint	144.

APPENDIX II

Expansions of the Original Work.

Page	Lines	
99	13, 14.	"The rain . . . . mine."
100	15 ff.	"O men, my fellow men . . . . absolute."
108	10, 11.	"The bad . . . . right."
126	1-5.	"Let the surface . . . . ground."
128	10 ff.	"Though the whirlwinds . . . . Not guilty, my God."
144	10 ff.	"Though days . . . . God."
		[These lines are based on the Septuagint.]

APPENDIX III

A Short Bibliography.

The most useful and accessible Commentary is "Job" in the Century Bible (Jack, 4s.), and the reader is strongly advised to procure it.

Such recommendation is no disparagement of the original and courageous work of Cox and Davidson or of the recent monumental work of Dr. Driver and Dr. Gray: "Job" in the International Critical Commentary (T. & T. Clark, 35s.), nor of D. Strahan's "Job" (T. & T. Clark).

To these may be added Dr. A. S. Peake's "Problem of Suffering in the Old Testament," and Froude's "The Book of Job" in Short Studies, Vol. I.

Dr. MacFadyen in the Wisdom Books (James Clark & Co., 6s.) has an exact translation of "Job" which preserves the rhythmical form.

"The Book of Job." Buttenwieser (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., 20s. net).

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 30 27 01 09 006 5